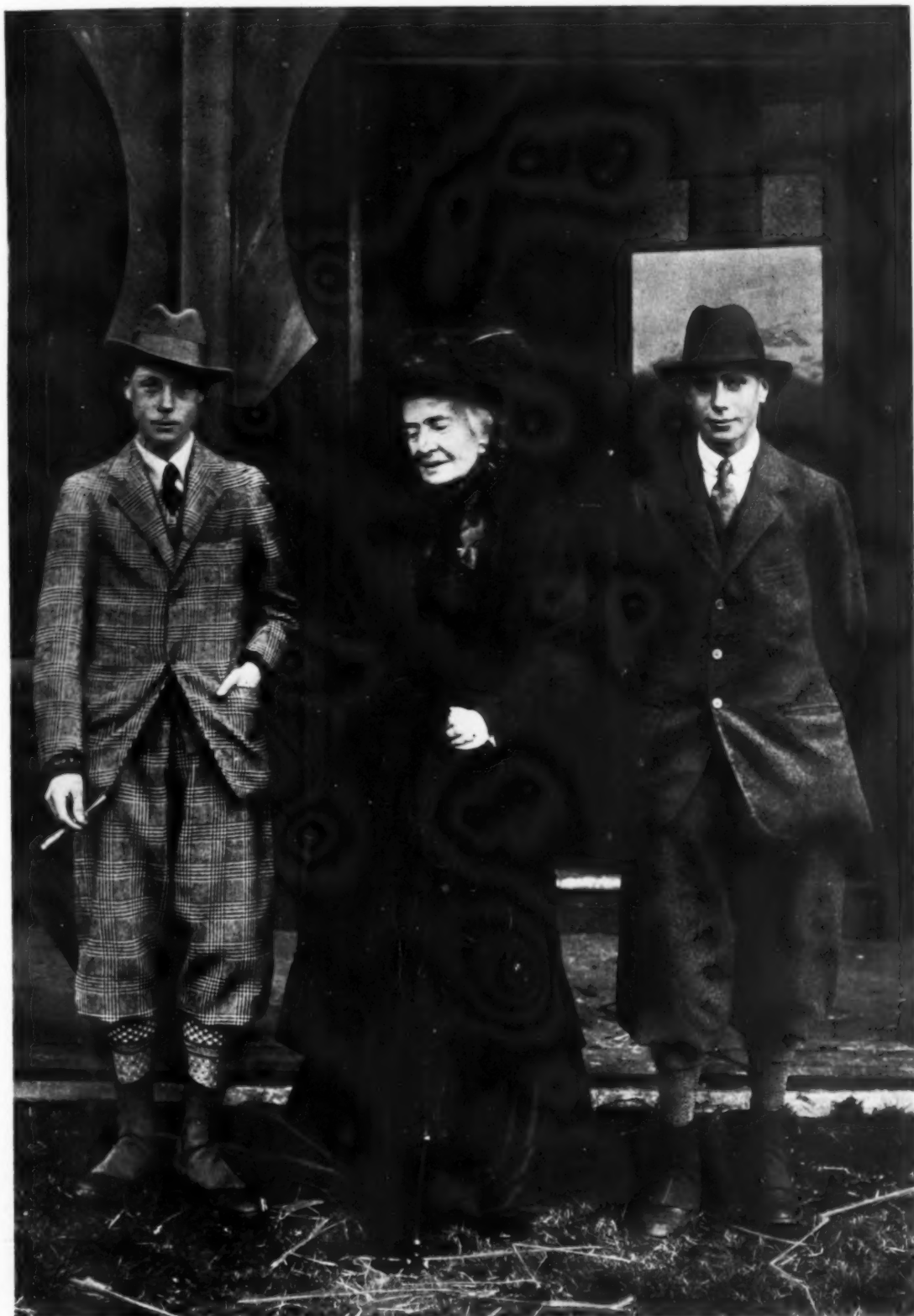


COUNTRY LIFE

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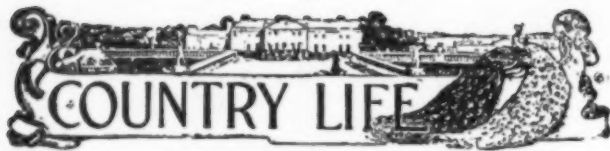
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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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DEER FORESTS AND DEVELOPMENT.

IT will, we think, be generally admitted that those most affected by the proposed agrarian legislation have met these proposals with dignity and an admirable desire to remedy every real grievance. They say, in effect, to Mr. Lloyd George, "We agree with the objects at which you aim. It is our belief as well as yours that farm labourers should be better housed and better paid. If the cultivation of the soil is rendered impossible or even difficult by the insecure position of tenant farmers, by all means give them greater security. But in regard to this last question, the facts are not clear. Many of us who have lived in the country all our lives do not remember a single case in which a farmer received notice on account of a dispute about game. Here the need is for more evidence." But the most interesting situation has arisen owing to the very important offer made by the Duke of Sutherland. Mr. Lloyd

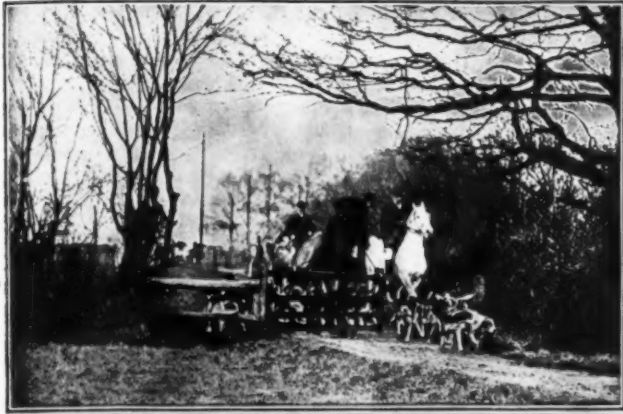
George spoke as though the ground now utilised for deer forests was capable of supporting large numbers of people, and he seemed to think that the migration from Scotland was due in large measure to the appropriation of land for sporting purposes that might have supported families engaged in the work of producing food. The Duke of Sutherland, who seems to have acted with a fine simple directness, thereupon wrote a letter to one of our contemporaries in which he offered to sell to the Government 200,000 acres or more of deer forest, at £2 an acre. According to a writer in the *Daily News*, whom we have generally found well informed, this offer has not been scorned or rejected. It is under the consideration of the Government. Undoubtedly, it could be undertaken by means of the Development Fund, and certainly those who state that the crofters and others have not left of their own free will, but because the land has been wanted for deer forests, in order to substantiate their words, ought to attempt to reclaim these immense areas and grow food upon them.

What their task would be will be evident from a study of the excellent article which Dr. Ritchie of the Edinburgh Museum has contributed to this number. As far as we know, Dr. Ritchie is not associated with any particular line in politics. At any rate, he deals with his subject frankly and candidly, and he has had every opportunity of knowing it from the inside, as he was born and brought up among the crofters. It will be seen that he does not exonerate in any way those who owned the land, but in point of fact blames them for certain harsh and unfair acts. It must not be thought that we altogether endorse these statements. Knowing that he was exceptionally familiar with the state of affairs in the crofter world, we asked him to write this article and, in fairness, let him have his full say without the alteration of a single word. But it will be noticed from this impartial survey of the situation that the crofter could have lived no very ideal life, and very little ingenuity is required to understand why he migrated. The work of reclamation was extremely hard and not very profitable even at the best. Often it happens, as the Duke of Sutherland points out in his letter, that even when fairly good crops are grown, the inclemency and lateness of the season prevent them from being properly ripened, and in the bountiful season of harvest the crofter often found himself face to face with want. He has been seen in numbers searching the seashore for mussels and other shellfish wherewith to allay his hunger.

It is desirable, however, to avoid any extreme statement. It is sufficient to take the everyday life of the crofter. Fifty or sixty years ago he managed to get along chiefly because his standard of living was so low. We remember the sort of cottage he lived in. It is shown very faithfully in our illustrations, several of which were taken by Dr. Ritchie's father in Aberdeenshire. Those who talk about the inadequate housing of the English rural labourer would be shocked if they could be carried back to the Highland dwellings of no very distant date. There was the "butt" and the "ben," made immortal in the songs of Burns. Even in what are called the improved cottages there were only two rooms, each fitted with box beds, and there must have been a very miscellaneous assortment of tenants in some of them at night. Clothing was of the most indifferent sort. For the rest, they were what Burns eloquently called "ill-sarkit." Their food was as simple as could be imagined. Dr. Ritchie gives a menu that to our knowledge was a very common one. It consisted almost invariably of porridge in the morning. Porridge and milk was a luxury. The oatmeal was more frequently washed down with small or treacle beer, which in some parts of Scotland was known by the name of "wheef." Dinner was drawn mostly from the kale-yard, and consisted of a broth produced chiefly from vegetables, with a flavouring of bacon. Tea was a luxury, and supper, when the man was hungry, usually consisted of what was called "crowdy"; that is to say, the raw oatmeal was placed in a basin and hot water poured over it; flavouring was subsequently given by the addition of some coarse fat.

It was this hardness of living that brought about the changes from a wretched type of agriculture to deer forests, and the process is described by Sir Arthur Bignold in a temperate letter to the *Times*. Thirty-three years ago his forest of 30,000 acres was a sheep farm vacated through bankruptcy. Four shepherds living in miserable bothies represented the population of "robust, gallant people." In their place fourteen persons are now permanently employed; eight miles of hill-road built; 8,400,000 trees planted; a church built and a minister installed. Can the Government do better with the Duke's 200,000 acres?

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES.

QUEEN VICTORIA and Prince Albert set an excellent example to landowners. It was carefully followed by Edward VII., and now King George and Queen Mary are following in the same well ordered footsteps. Sandringham Estate, like Windsor, is not only celebrated for the excellence of its breeds of pedigree stock, but for the care bestowed on the comfort and amusement of the labourers. Some evidence of this was afforded on Monday, when the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Mary, made an inspection of the club house built for the villagers of Babingley—a name which to horsey men will recall a noble strain of Shires. The club house is an institution in every village of this Norfolk property, and this one at Babingley is in every respect worthy of the others. It is well built and stands conveniently on the main road from King's Lynn to Hunstanton, near the old Babingley Cross. After the opening ceremony was over, the King and Queen paid several visits to the tenants and cottagers, and then visited the workmen's club at Dersingham and the Dersingham Institute.

The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries deserve to be congratulated on the excellent choice they have made of Inspectors under their new Livestock Scheme. They are Mr. F. N. Webb of Babraham and Mr. C. T. A. Robertson of Burningsfold. Mr. Webb needs no introduction to our readers, since it is no secret that for many years he has contributed regularly to our pages over the signature "W.," dealing with a vast variety of topics relating to agriculture in general and the breeding and management of livestock in particular. It would, in fact, be impossible to name anyone more suitable for the post. He inherited a faculty for dealing with animals at his birth, as he is a son of the late Mr. Henry Webb and grandson of Mr. Jonas Webb, whose name ever will be associated with the improvement of Southdown sheep. For the last twenty-three years Mr. Webb has been agent to Mr. Adeane of Babraham Hall, and was largely instrumental in building up the famous Babraham flock of Southdowns. Mr. Webb has acted as judge at a great number of the principal shows in the United Kingdom, and he has judged British cattle at Paris. Mr. Charles Robertson is also a very practical expert in regard to livestock. He owned a large flock of Suffolk sheep which won many prizes and championships; and has had also considerable experience of judging.

Mr. Herbert Samuel, during his recent visit to the United States and Canada, made some practical enquiries about the employment of girls which deserve careful consideration. Often the complaint is heard on this side that women, especially in the employment of the Post Office, are paid less than men for doing the same work. In Canada similar complaints used to be frequent, and were listened to in so far that the wages of women were levelled up to those of the men; but the result is disappointing. When men could be had as cheap as women, they began to be much more freely employed, with the result that "men superseded women in the post office." This is to some extent true of the United States, and in Canada it has practically closed the post office as an occupation for women. Thus it would appear that those who clamour against a difference in the rates of payment are as likely to hurt the objects of their solicitude as to help them.

Figures which have been published give an extraordinary picture of the different ingredients that are going to make up the Canadian population of the future. The emigration from the British Islands may be regarded as only a shifting of population from one part of the King's Dominions to another, but the extraordinary movement towards Canada that has taken place from the Continent adds new and incalculable elements to the country. The list is headed in order of numbers by Italy. In the thirteen years of the present century that have elapsed, 88,000 Italians have gone to Canada, as compared with 67,000 Russians, 30,000 Germans, 24,000 Poles, 24,000 Swedes, 21,000 French, 17,000 Finns, an equal number of Norwegians, 12,000 Bulgarians and an equal number of Belgians, 7,000 Dutch, nearly the same number of Roumanians, and 6,000 Greeks; but these are as nothing compared with the immigrants from the United States who, during the thirteen years, total very nearly 900,000, which is very little short of the British emigration. In what manner this mixture will combine is a question of the deepest import. So far the vast majority have rejoiced to come under what is, to all intents and purposes, British law, and it will be the business of the Canadian Statesmen of the future to inculcate on new-comers the fact that their nationality from the moment they take up a homestead will be that of Canada. That is the only way to secure a homogeneous nation.

SUSSEX SONG.

Beyond the lonely mill
I seek the path that lies
Over the Sussex hill
Beneath the Sussex skies,
Grey downlands swept and bare
Rise from the wooded vales,
Fresh with the clean sweet air
Of all the wild sea gales.
Far off a silver line
Of tremulous grey sea;
Near by a storm-bent pine
That sings unceasingly.
The valley field on field
Agleam with golden light,
Spreads out to meet the Weald
Sheltered, secure, and bright.
And dear the path that lies
Chalk-white beyond the mill,
Beneath the Sussex skies
Upon a Sussex hill!

ISABEL CLARKE

One sympathises with Professor Baldwin Brown's protest against vandalism in the Highlands; but we would like to know what was the end of the story. The beginning was extremely interesting. It appears that certain Glasgow contractors are making or mending roads in the wild and mountainous pass of Drumochter, some three miles south of Dalwhinnie, in the Badenoch district. There was a large cairn of stones standing by the Great North Road, and this was utilised for the purpose of the contractors. In removing the stones they found that the cairn had apparently been raised over "a stone cist or coffin, which stood in the centre. The cist was formed of a large, rough slab, supported by rows of upright stones." Here Professor Baldwin Brown's quotation from the local newspaper ends. But what was the sequel? If those who represented the contractors did not destroy this ancient monument, less blame attaches to them; but if they moved one stone, they deserve more than the vials of wrath which have been poured over their heads. The question arises whether those cairns which are to be found in some of the wildest parts of Scotland were all monumental in character. If so, they should certainly be scheduled as historical monuments.

Little by little we are able to piece together the geological history of our islands. At a meeting of the Northumberland Coast Club, last Saturday, Mr. Rennie Hazellhurst read a paper upon his discovery of a large post-glacial lake which was about one hundred feet above the present level of the Tyne. The area of the lake was at least one square mile, and the series of loams, clays and gravel which form the bed are twenty-five feet thick and commence at about eighty-five feet above the present sea-level. The thickness of these beds shows that the lake existed during a very long period of time, and they also contain vegetable remains, found in the positions in which they grew, in some

cases at a depth of twenty feet in the bed. In the clays and sands a peculiar series of stalactite infiltrations have been discovered; these, again, would require a long period for their formation. The lake existed, of course, at an epoch long antecedent to the modern River Tyne; and, apart from its unusual interest owing to its large size and situation, it is an important mark in the chronological history of the Tyne Valley and Northumberland.

An extremely interesting naval experiment is being carried out at the time of going to press. The *Empress of India*, a first-class battleship of 14,150 tons, and until a few months ago upon the active list, has been turned into a target for gunnery practice. The vessel was worth about forty thousand pounds, and is the most expensive target which has ever been used. She has been left with her armour and guns in position, while her bunkers have been filled with stones, so that the practical value may be estimated of the coal-belt which would be there under Service conditions. The fleet will fire at her while steaming at a high speed, and the experiment will thus test not only the gun-power of modern battleships at various ranges, but also marksmanship under conditions which approach those in war. The experiment is the more interesting because the *Empress of India* belongs to a class which represented the extreme development of defensive armament; indeed, in her day she was considered impregnable. She is provided with a belt of composite armour which is 18in. thick over the most vital parts of the ship, and has 16in. armoured bulkheads, while her heavy guns are defended by 17in. armour and her secondary armament by 6in. Krupp nickel steel.

Sir E. T. Cook gave a charming address on "Ruskin and Others" to the Authors' Club on Monday night. It was light and yet touched many an issue with a sureness that would not have been gained by increased gravity. Ruskin himself is shown in a more human light than surrounds his public appearances. Sir Edward found him full of fun and humour. He quoted a letter to Lord Avebury, then Sir John Lubbock, that is a delightful example of cleverness, chaff and kindness melted into an individuality. Lovers of good writing will be interested to learn that Ruskin, when he revised his manuscripts, invariably did so for the purpose "not to add, but to chasten and subdue." In his early work, "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," for instance, the swelling rhetoric often seems to be to overwhelm the sense it conveys; but in later years the sense of his writing is stronger than would appear from the simple words in which it is clothed. At the beginning, Ruskin, like other young writers, produced what he thought eloquence by turning all his thoughts out as though he were emptying a bucket, while the craft that comes with experience aims chiefly at stirring and suggesting thought in others—an effect only achieved by restraint.

We are glad to see that Lady Constance Emmott, in a letter to the *Times*, thoroughly endorses the views we expressed about scattered cottages in last week's issue. Lady Constance Emmott writes from experience of the Scottish Highlands, and she contrasts very effectively the little English girl falling into bad health, owing to her feet getting wet on the way to school because her boots were not sufficiently strong, with "the sturdy bodies and bronzed faces of children who daily walk not two miles, but many miles, to and from school at all seasons of the year and in all weathers." She says: "Personal appearance calls forth no commiseration on that account." Further, carrying the war into the enemies' country, she points out that the children of the English poor as a rule are much over-clothed, and if the little English girl had been relieved of her inadequate boots and doubtless equally useless stockings and sent barefoot across a Highland moor, "she too might have survived the evils resulting from coddling and leather." Lady Constance Emmott's letter bears the most obvious traces of having been written by one in actual touch with country people; whereas the tears and sympathy of those who write from towns are largely due to a misunderstanding of the true conditions.

It is curious how general the complaints have been about the poorness of the scent during the present cub-hunting season. In the early part, the lack of scent seemed to be reasonably attributed to the dryness, but there has been a great change of conditions in this respect during the last few weeks. When cub-hunting opened, the going was generally very hard, as the result of a rather prolonged spell of dry weather, and it is not in circumstances like these that we expect scent to be good. But then followed so complete a change that the going, which had been hard, became, in a very short time, exceedingly heavy. It might not be a change very much for the better so far as

the riding was concerned: we prefer a happy medium in this respect; but it certainly promised better scenting conditions. It is a promise, however, which seems very generally to have failed. The truth is that this matter of scent remains just about as mysterious as ever it was, in spite of fresh experience. One day we seem to find an explanation which fits all the facts of the case perfectly; the next day the facts are apparently just the same, but the effect is entirely different, and the explanation is proved a complete misfit.

Little was heard of the red deer of Otago till within the last few years, but the trophies recently obtained there entitle it to rank as one of the finest stalking grounds in the world. The Otago Acclimatisation Society are making efforts to maintain its excellence, not only by the extermination of the "rubbish" which was rapidly accumulating, but by the introduction of fresh blood. Mr. Lucas of Warnham Court has generously presented them with six hinds and a stag, which have just started on their voyage. Five of the hinds are two year olds, the other having been born in 1910. The stag is a yearling. It has been found useless to attempt the transport of fully grown animals, as they almost invariably succumb, and next year Mr. Lucas purposes sending two more stags, rising three year olds. The deer will be turned out in a large park with good feed, situated near Dunedin, among some of the fine Otago herd. The resulting calves will be eventually turned out on the hills with, possibly, one or two of the Warnham deer, probably in the Hunter Valley. It is but little good if change of blood is necessary to turn out park stags among wild deer, as they seldom obtain possession of the hinds and leave but little impression on the herd.

SPRITE'S SONG.

On lonely heights
Which a faint moon lights
I run with the wind and dance o' nights;
Silent I leap
Where the grey clouds sweep
Over the face of the stars asleep.

I have no home,
I go and I come,
Wet with rain and a gleam with foam,—
When autumn calls
And the grey leaf falls
I bask on the hot red garden walls.

If you would know,
Which way I go,
Light—light—light on my pointed toe,
You must keep watch
At noon and snatch
A ray of sun from the wild rose patch.

You must lay snares
Of gossamer hairs
And trip my dancing feet unawares,
And then, oh, then,
Like the sun—like the rain,
You must just let me go again!

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

Messrs. Castle, the well known ship-breakers of Vauxhall, have made a very generous proposal in their offer to the nation of the figure-heads of some of the famous old battleships, now lying at the mercy of the weather in their yard. At the same time, the precisely best mode of disposal of the figure-heads, and of dealing with the offer, is not quite easy to see. In the Scilly Islands Mr. Dorrien-Smith has a verandah annexed to his tennis court, where spectators may sit and watch the play, and the columns of the verandah are constructed of figure-heads of vessels which have been wrecked on the islands. We do not know whether this may give a suggestion for the disposal of some of the famous figure-heads in Messrs. Castle's collection. No doubt a museum or other building in which they might all be collected would wear rather a grim aspect. Yet there are many of these colossal figures which have great historic interest. The best disposition of them might seem to be their erection on the pier or hoe of the port with which, respectively, the vessels to which they belonged were chiefly associated at the date of their fighting activity. The local people would take a pride and interest in their preservation. But for the moment that is a scheme which does not appear to fall in with the conditions as suggested by the donors.

SCOTTISH CROFTERS IN THE EARLY XIX. CENTURY.

IN 1815 the United Kingdom lost 201 emigrants; in 1816, 12,510; in 1817, 20,634; in 1843, 57,212; in 1845, 93,501; and in 1847, 258,270. No comment is required to show that these numbers point to the early half of the nineteenth century as being a critical period in the history of British insular development. Many causes contributed to the phenomenal increase in the emigration from our shores during this period—the hardships succeeding the long-continued European wars, the persistent trade depression which, with the exception of a few bright years, overhung Britain from 1819 until well into the thirties, the attraction of new and prolific countries, and, not least, the conditions of life and labour at home. We shall glance at this last problem from the Scottish point of view with the intention of showing how the small farmer or crofter, as he came to be called, fared during the years preceding the commencement of intense emigration.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the number of Scottish acres lying waste was approximately 14,000,000 out of a total of 19,000,000, an average of about 73 per cent. Naturally, the proportions varied in different counties. In Haddington only 20 per cent. lay uncultivated while in Inverness, Ross, Selkirk and Sutherland the waste ground extended to considerably over 90 per cent. of the whole. Even in fertile Aberdeenshire 64 per cent. of the land lay uncultivated, where to-day almost half is under crops and permanent grass. These figures are not so different as one might suppose from those for the present year of grace, owing to the steady withdrawal of land from the plough which, in the past ten years alone, has reduced the cultivated land of Scotland by 123,000 acres. But they fall far short of the heyday of Scottish agriculture. In any case, where waste land gave promise of fertility, and even where no promise was apparent, it had to be broken in. Part of this heavy task was undertaken by the large farmers, but a great deal fell to the share of the crofters. Often, indeed, the ground granted as a small farm was almost entirely unworkable and was let at about 2s. 6d. an acre, a condition of the lease being that the waste ground should be taken in before the lease expired. Our fathers still tell of the stupendous labour required to bring under cultivation some of the hillsides and woodland. As a preliminary drains had to be dug and rocks and stones broken and removed. The severity of the process varied in different counties, but in the heavy glacial boulder clays which cover many parts of Scotland the toil of clearing the land seemed unending. Often the stones could be utilised for enclosing fields, but in many parts there may still be seen huge mounds and ramparts of stones gathered from adjoining fields. The dimensions of an Aberdeenshire "consumption



C. Reid.

A BROKEN-DOWN HORSE AND AN ANCIENT COW.

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dyke" will give some notion of the laborious toil which saddled the early crofters before they could reap its fruit from the soil. The dyke in question is 6ft. in height, 20ft. to 30ft. in breadth, and in its course of half a mile must contain thousands of tons of refuse from the neighbouring land.

Even after the boulders had been removed little good could come from the earth until it had been trenched—a proceeding as laborious and more back-breaking. The method was particularly common and successful in the hard clayey soil of Aberdeenshire, where it added over 20,000 acres to the total of arable land. The crofters dug in succession a series of trenches 3ft. wide and 14in. deep, using spade, shovel, pickaxe, "pinch" or iron lever 3ft. to 4ft. long, or "crowbar," a still heavier iron lever, according to the difficulty experienced in removing heavy boulders or stones. The bottom of each trench was kept on a slight slope for drainage purposes, and the sod first and then the loose material from the next trench were inverted in it. Thus by slow steps every inch of the ground was loosened and turned, and the rotting sods lying upon the subsoil foundation of the field left space by which superfluous water could ooze away. Thus shallow soils were deepened, foul soils buried underground, exhausted soils refreshed, and sour lands sweetened. The process was a severe one, and could seldom be undertaken by a small farmer without outside aid. In Aberdeenshire, however, the cost of trenching an acre of arable land was approximately six guineas, while the breaking in of waste land cost £20 an acre. To most small farmers such a price for outside labour was prohibitive, for one of the greatest obstacles to the development of the croft was the lack of

ready capital. The crofter was thus oftentimes faced with the task of draining and trenching his own land by his own and his family's labour, or alternatively with the possibility of seeing his land lie useless or even degenerate for want of proper nursing. Moreover, the encouragement given to the industrious worker was too often of the slightest. The majority had no claim upon their croft or their improvements. There was often no lease, and arbitrary dismissal had to be avoided by bearing with patience any oppression or exaction. The terms of lease, where such existed, were often in themselves oppressive and exacting. "In case the fallow crop shall be foul or weedy, the tenant, at the desire of the proprietor, must plough them and turn them to real fallow." The apparently considerate



C. Reid.

THE COTTAGE NO BETTER THAN THE BYRE.

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conditions of payment-in-kind to the landlord fall under the stigma of at least unintentional oppressiveness. They concerned either crop or labour. Bad year or good, the farmer had to pay a definite quantity of his crop in fee to his landlord; or his labour was at the call of the owner, and just at the most critical seasons—when seed had to be sown or his small crops



C. Reid. A BEAST OF BURDEN. Copyright

garnered—the unfortunate crofter was most likely to be called out to assist in the sowing and reaping of the landlord's estate. One other of the small farmers' hardships ought not to be passed over, insignificant as it may seem at first sight, and that is the privilege of the landed proprietor of keeping a pigeon-house. The damage done by the ravenous inmates may be guessed from the fact that in Midlothian alone "it is supposed," says a writer of the time, "that there may be about 300 pigeon-houses in the county who [sic] thus consume or destroy as much wheat as would at an average serve as bread to 3,000 souls." Or take Fifeshire—here still numerous pigeon-houses hint at the 360, with 36,000 pairs of breeding birds, which existed in the early part of last century. These are stated to have consumed 3,000 to 4,000 bolls of corn a year, and since the pigeon-houses were often deliberately planted near the limits of their owner's property, it was the neighbouring small farmers whose crops paid heaviest toll. So notorious was the condition of Fifeshire estates that the possessions of the Fife lairds were described as "a pickle land, mickle debt, a dovecot and a lawsuit," none of them conditions which made for the ease and security of the tenant.

The labour of the crofter was severe. The conditions of labour, short tenure, insecurity of holding, exacting leases, offered nothing but discouragement. Almost all the farmer had to encourage him was the mild speculation involved in breaking in untried ground, in the hope that soon fertile fields would repay his labour many-fold. Labour was hard—life was harder still. Let us glance at its immediate conditions. Rural housing has been discussed in these pages more than once, but one cannot pass over the Scottish point of view. Fortunately, on the mainland, except in the Western areas, the housing conditions seldom seem to have reached

the pitiful degree of degradation found in some parts of the Outer Hebrides, but they were unsatisfactory enough. House-walls were built of mud, sods, "divots" or turves, or more usually of rough stone cemented with clay or mud. They were from 5ft. to 7ft. high, topped by turf, and they supported rude rafters and cross-trees, to which was attached the universal roofing of thatch—straw, broom or heather being employed—as illustrated in the Deeside cottage on page 589. Such roofs were estimated to last from seventeen to twenty years. Often the cottages were single-roomed, and the planning of the outside offices was of the simplest nature. Instead of the court plan adopted on the larger farm, the cottars' buildings were usually placed adjacent and in line. The dwelling-room, perhaps, occupied the centre of the line, and was flanked on one side by the stables and byre and on the other by the peat-shed, as shown in an old Deeside cottage in Aberdeenshire illustrated on this page. The alternative arrangement appeared to be more common in the Donside area of Aberdeenshire. The buildings were placed in descending series—first the dwelling-house, second the byre or stable, and last and least the wooden hen-house or peat-shed. A comparison of the Lower and Upper Donside crofts shows the striking similarity of plan adopted in these two localities,



J. Ritchie.

A PRIMITIVE KITCHEN.

Copyright.

notwithstanding that they are separated by thirty miles of mountainous country. In the former the chimneys are wooden and are whipped round with straw "rapes" (ropes); in the latter the arrangements were exceedingly primitive, the farmyard refuse being thrown out in the front area close to the dwelling-house itself. The smallness of the windows is also worthy of remark, for it was recommended in the old days that

windows should be kept as small as possible owing to the danger of breakage and the cost of glass. The windows were fixed in their frames or opened only from the top. In the interior there was frequently a central division, creating a "but"—the kitchen—and a "ben"—the "best" room. The floors were generally of clay, the fireplace an open hearth for burning peats,



C. Reid.

CARRYING FUEL FOR THE CROFT HOUSE.

Copyright.

overhung by crooks for pots and pans, slung from a movable arm—the “swee”—an arrangement we illustrate, and still to be found in many a Scottish district. Perhaps the most vivid way of hinting at the conditions in the beginning of the century is to illustrate “improved designs” for two adjacent agricultural cottages, issued in 1814. One wonders what the meanness of the conditions could have been on which these were an improvement. The cost of the first is estimated as follows: “The walls are of good rubble building, with hewn ribbets, chimney-heads, corners, capes and jambs. The roof is usually of a square pitch, covered with tile. Plain deal doors, crook and bands, with a stock lock. The windows have two sashes to open from the top.”

	£	s.	d.
4 rods of rubble building	30	0	0
40ft. of vents	1	0	0
145ft. of hewn work	7	15	0
3 rods 24yds. of tiling	13	15	0
117yds. of roofing	20	9	0
128ft. of wall plate	2	2	8
5yds. 5ft. of deal door	1	13	0
22ft. 5in. of windows, glazed	3	17	0
18yds. of safe lintels	0	18	0
crooks, bands and locks	0	17	0

£41 3s. 4d. each.

£82 6 8

The second delightful alternative was to be built at the reduced cost of £76 17s. 6d., that is £38 8s. 9d. each.

Other domestic conditions were deplorable. Household drainage was deficient, the draw-wells were often close to and sometimes beneath the level of the “necessaries,” and in dry weather the water-supply frequently gave out or became contaminated. The cottages were hotbeds of disease, and encouraged and disseminated tuberculosis with deadly persistence. Labour was hard, housing was woefully deficient. What of the direct sustenance of life? Although it varied in different districts and may have been healthful enough, its lack of variety in general was appalling. Oatmeal was the staple food; wheat was almost unknown. Indeed, the event has turned out so differently from the outlook in the early years of the nineteenth century that we read with wonder in an article comparing crop produce: “As wheat can never be the principal food of the common people of Scotland, it is unnecessary to compare its produce per acre with that of oatmeal.” The typical daily meals may be summarised as follows: Breakfast—always oatmeal porridge with skimmed milk, or small or treacle beer; dinner—Potatoes or potato broth, barley bread, and sometimes a little pickled pork or salt herring; supper—bread with milk, or porridge and milk. In some counties, especially in the South-east Lowlands, cheese, eggs, or even pork, beef or mutton sometimes formed part of the dinner; but in others

well stirred, a little sweet milk is added; this they call ‘milk brose’; but the most common fare is ‘kail-brose,’ that is, ‘coleworts and water are boiled and the juice poured upon oatmeal, when the whole is stirred and more boiling water added till the article (!) is found to be of a proper consistency.’ Turnips in the early days were unknown or little cultivated, and this had

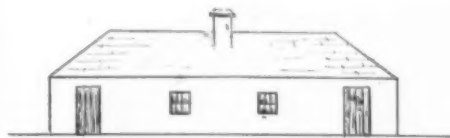
much effect upon the feeding both of man and beast. Especially for the cattle the lack of a winter food was exceedingly serious; often the supply of hay failed before spring came in. No special feeding-stuffs, such as turnips, mangolds, or oilcake could be procured, and with the greatest difficulty could the beasts be kept from starvation. In Aberdeenshire, for example, after a hard winter, the cattle were at times so weak from want of food that they were unable to rise from their stalls to make for the fresh spring pastures. On this account a regular “cattle lifting” was instituted, farmers in the district meeting and visiting farm after farm in order to carry the helpless cattle out to the fields. In Mull similar practices were necessary, as, doubtless, they were also in other counties. This lack of food not only laid the cattle open to the ravages of disease, but so emaciated them that they were utterly unfit for the early sales. Recourse in these hard times had to be had to the garnering of whins from the hillsides and waste lands for cattle food. In some places they were even grown in the fields. Before being used they were crushed by means of a heavy stone roller or “whin-mill” until the spines were destroyed and the plants reduced to a soft pulp, fit for food. The stock problem added to the crofters’ difficulties.

Stock diseases were little understood and their cure little known. Over a million sheep a year has been reckoned to have been the normal death-roll caused by liver-rot. Disease was even more serious when it attacked the horses or cattle, upon which the farmer depended for the greater part of his labour and sustenance. The death of one or two meant a close approach to ruin, for there was seldom capital to fall back upon to cover such serious losses.

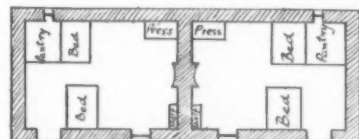
In the fields the labour of the horse was often supplemented by that of cattle, a cow or a bullock being yoked in the plough along with a horse, or the bullock alone being used to draw a light harrow or “grubber” across the broken ground. These customs still prevail in outlying parts of Aberdeenshire, as in Bourtie, where the first illustration was taken; and in a different area, near Meikle Wartle, the writer and his wife had the pleasure of seeing, in the spring of this year, a lanky white horse and a rakish old red cow together slowly drawing a creaking harrow over the brown fields.

Conditions such as we have pictured could have offered little comfort and less hope to the aspiring worker. There were, it is true, ameliorating circumstances in some districts, but can there be any wonder that the tales of broad acres and fertile lands across the seas led them to forsake the Old Country for the New?

JAMES RITCHIE.



IMPROVED DESIGN (!) 1814.



GROUND PLAN OF ABOVE.



AN ALTERNATIVE IMPROVEMENT.



“IMPROVED” (!) PLANS OF 1814.



J. Ritchie.

SHOWING METHOD OF ROOFING EMPLOYED.

Copyright.

the monotony was nauseating. The crofters’ households of Aberdeenshire rang the changes almost solely on oatmeal. Breakfast and supper consisted of porridge pure and simple, or, as a variant, “sowens,” a dish made from fine oatmeal or siftings treated after the manner of porridge. The staple dinner was “brose.” This latter famous dish is “prepared by the very simple process of putting a small quantity of oatmeal into a dish and pouring boiling water upon it, when, after being

THE TURTLE DOVE.



THE HEN SHOWED SLIGHT SUSPICION.

I SAW a good deal of the home life of the turtle doves who had made their frail nest of birch twigs on the low branches of a sapling oak, where early in August they commenced the upbringing of their small family. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, the doves were equal to the task, and the young were successfully reared. The nestlings saw little of the sunny side of the world, and when it became necessary for them to weather the storms alone, some stiff ones indeed they had to contend with. The scant shelter above rendered them very insecure against the heavy downpours of 1912 notoriety, and with beaks tilted skywards they sat mournfully motionless until a slackening in the deluge came along. My cap on one occasion was turned into a foster-mother, as the parent doves failed to return—although by no means was

it their custom—and when it was removed, in addition to being completely sodden, it contained quite a miniature pond. The nesting turtle dove is undoubtedly a shy bird, and is especially prone to forsake her eggs, but when they have hatched out, her maternal courage seems to be considerably strengthened, and she is loth to desert her offspring. She is well known as a very close sitter, both on eggs and young, and tries hard by lowering her head to the level of her back to escape detection on the nest.

My first photographic attempts on the turtle doves under notice were made by operating the camera from a distance, but the many drawbacks to this method soon set me seeking ways and means to overcome a difficulty previously thought to be insuperable, and at length the supposed impossibility



J. H. Symonds.

COCK WITH YOUNG.

Copyright.

melted away, and I got myself well concealed at eight feet from the nest with the camera under direct control. The young doves were now ten days old. Thenceforward until the end, a matter of eleven days, I was engaged continuously from early morning to dusk watching and photographing the doves. It might be supposed a large number of photographs would be amassed in that period; but the chief impediments to this were the infrequency of the doves' visits to the nest and the very rapid movements of both young and old during feeding, which greatly restricted the number of exposures I was able to make. The nest being well inside the tree, extremely rapid exposures were out of the question. One photograph, however, was obtained illustrating the feeding of both young simultaneously, but not without some movement being shown. Usually the doves came to the nest five times a day only during my waiting, but the first early feeding of the youngsters doubtless I



FOURTEEN DAYS OLD.



LEAVING THE NEST FOR THE FIRST TIME (SEVENTEEN DAYS OLD).

stays at the nest so brief. Strangely in contrast to the latter remark is a note I made some days later, as follows: "The cock came to feed at 9.30, then settled himself down and remained until one o'clock. The young nestled themselves

always missed, and I have taken no notice of the last visit at night. Six times, however, are recorded in my note-book under date August 16th, when the young doves were exactly a fortnight old. An extract from the entries on that day is as follows: "Arrived and ready at 5.25 a.m." Then, in contrast to the usual dreary reference to the weather, I continue: "Pleasant morning, starlings in mimicking mood, wood wren singing, hen dove came 6.50—cock 8.30—hen 9.30—one at 11.45, sex not noted—hen 4.15—cock 4.50." Against these six visits only one exposure is recorded. The next day I find "at 3.30 no exposure yet made"; and I remember on one occasion I failed entirely to use a plate except on the young, as the old birds' movements were so rapid and their



NINETEEN DAYS OLD.

under his breast, and his position was scarcely altered during the whole time. Twice the young were fed, but very sparingly. The hen returned at 3.30, her last visit being at 9.15." Very alert were the turtle-doves when at home; the slightest sound instantly brought a searching gaze to bear upon the suspicious spot.

And as days went by the young doves began to show the keenness inherent in their parents. Very long intervals sometimes elapsed between the return to the vicinity and the coming to the nest. Usually the doves' arrival was signalled by a few soft notes, or I heard the wing beats as they broke their flight preparatory to settling in a neighbouring tree. At other times the only intimation I had of their presence was by noticing the quivering wings and soft "wheeping" of the young.

The final flit to the nest was accompanied by a most unbirdlike sound. An imitation somewhat resembling it can be obtained by quickly compressing and separating the palms of the hands. The delay in coming to the nest after their arrival in the vicinity was not peculiar to this particular pair of birds.

I once watched a hen turtle-dove sit for half an hour within a few feet of her brooding mate before making an effort to feed the young. Fate was against my getting a photograph of both these gentle birds together at the nest. They only met there twice, and, curiously, both instances occurred the same morning, which looks as if the birds had for once foraged for food together.

I was all excitement when I saw the whole dove family together; first one and then the other parent bird granted me that brief moment wherewith to snatch an exposure, but never both together. In desperation I made a very risky exposure, but the result was a failure. The next four hours the weather was in a state of turbulence, giving us cold, gale and drenching rain.

At 1.20, with some improvement, an exchange of soft notes was taking place in my rear, and I knew the doves were again together. Soon one of them, closely followed

by the other, came to the nest. The meagre improvement in the weather was not accompanied with an encouraging light, and the wind was troublesome. Feeding was now progressing, but a sudden gust arrested the attention of both birds. I hesitated, fearing the wind was against me, and if a chance had existed it was lost; and consolation was only to be found in passing forcible censure upon the elements. A sudden gust of wind had a rather exhilarating effect upon the young doves in their youth; reaching themselves up to their fullest extent, they utilised, apparently, every ounce of available energy in the exercise of their wings. When seventeen days old they made their first venture out of the nest, but when the food arrived the weaker of the two thought it prudent to return home to receive it. I felt sorry its good behaviour received scant or no recognition, and the good youngster went into a bad fit of excitement because the nest-mate received no rebuke and was fed first, on the bough away from home. The old nest was now being gradually forsaken, and I anticipated an early rupture in my association with the little dove family. The young were seldom in the nest, but took short flights from bough to bough. In two days' time one of the parent birds paid a last visit to the now empty and ill-conditioned nest.

She had refused the youngsters food away from home, and was picking about when they flew up to her. This was the last meal I saw them have. The young doves were very partial to squatting on the ground, and here their grey and buff plumage harmonised wonderfully with the surroundings. On August 24th, three weeks and a day after hatching, the young doves finally deserted the old home, although as yet they probably had not wandered far. Before I forget let me pay a tribute to a perky little robin who helped me to while away many a long hour of waiting. He was a constant visitor to my hiding-place to partake of my hospitality, but unfortunately he soon had a determined rival, and my little friend was often sent to the wall. Next summer I shall expect to find another in the near neighbourhood of the old site, for the turtle-dove possesses a strong homing instinct. JAMES H. SYMONDS.



M. Enil Frechon.

LAUGHING JEWESSES AT BETHLEHEM.

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

MR. O'FAY'S FANTAILS.

BY
ELIZABETH KIRK.



MR. O'FAY was an amateur breeder of fantails, and it is only fair to him to confess that they did justice to his indefatigable care and zeal. There

were no other fantails in the county comparable with his, and he carried away high awards from both London and provincial poultry shows. This was but as it should be, for he tended his birds with ceaseless devotion, and this not merely for the awards he took, for, highly as he valued the distinction of being a breeder of the finest birds in the county, he valued his fantails even more for their own sakes.

To picture precisely Mr. O'Fay's fantails we must also picture his garden, for each acted as a foil against the other. His house, situated two miles from a railway station, and that station seventy miles from the metropolis, was built irregularly—long, low, with latticed casement windows and a portico over the middle, or front, door. In front of the house, stretching almost to the wide white gate, was a smooth and verdant lawn, in which were beds of various shapes and sizes, which did credit in the flowering season—such a long season in the country—to his taste in design and colour-schemes. Quite in the centre of the lawn was a sundial. On the right of the house was a conservatory and kitchen garden hemmed in by a high brick wall; on the left a thatched arbour, some wide stone steps and, leading from these, a "box garden." The box garden was intersected by many gravel paths, smooth and red, never weedy, but mossy in the most sheltered parts. The paths were edged with box, prim and close growing, and a dozen or so yew trees, clipped into the shapes of fantastic birds perched on little round tables, lent an old world charm to the place. There was a yew walk, always cool, always sheltered, through which the sun-shafts came veiled and the moonbeams half hidden, and there was a fountain, a Venus supported by two dolphins. At the rear of the box garden were Mr. O'Fay's pigeon lofts and dove cotes.

In this garden, generally around the fountain, which stood on a carpet of mossy cool grass, Mr. O'Fay's fantails were wont to disport themselves, while he, sitting in the thatched arbour, would watch them with untiring interest. They were magnificent fantails, of the pure white variety, and would flirt and flutter at his feet, perch lightly on his shoulder or arm and peck the grain from his open hand with shy, pert glances into his face meanwhile—graceful, timid, bold, flaunting, irresistible coquettes. As they strutted towards him, heads thrown back till they touched the back, breasts thrust forward, little pink-tipped, turned-out feet touching the grass ever so lightly, Mr. O'Fay would whistle softly the note they understood and responded to, and Thekla, his wife, would clap her hands in little ecstatic outbursts of uncontrollable glee. Happy, happy days, both for Thekla and Mr. O'Fay!

It was on one of these occasions that Mr. O'Fay, indicating two of the most splendid birds with his hand, asked Thekla: "I shall exhibit those two at the next International," he said. "Thekla, how shall I name them?"

"Blanchette," answered Thekla, promptly, "and Spotless."

"Done!" said Mr. O'Fay. "Blanchette and Spotless they shall be from this day onward."

Mr. O'Fay now left no stone unturned that the two birds should be reared to the highest state of perfection according to the standard of poultry shows, and two months before the date of the show he was examining and filling in entry forms. He was well known as an amateur breeder, and perhaps on that account not too well liked; so far, however, as he knew, he had but one enemy, a man named McFine, who, at one time a Dundee weaver, had now become a successful breeder of pigeons. McFine had built extensive lofts not two miles distant from Mr. O'Fay's, and the two men had on a few occasions had differences, since Mr. O'Fay's fantails were sometimes found in McFine's lofts, and McFine's carriers in Mr. O'Fay's; but, so far, there had been no open feud. About a month before the opening of the International Show, Mr. O'Fay was taken suddenly and seriously ill, and, after making a few ineffectual efforts to dress, he spoke to Thekla:

"I'm ill," he said, "and getting up is out of the question. It'll be but the matter of a few days before I'm right again, but in the meantime what about my fantails?"

Now Thekla was a town-born girl. She had learned from Mr. O'Fay the points of a well bred bird, but was ignorant of the care necessary to rearing. "Would Mr. McFine—?" she began.

Mr. O'Fay became irritable at once. "Certainly not, certainly not!" he exclaimed, petulantly. "You must surely see, Thekla, that such a thing is impossible."

"I don't know what to think," said Thekla, hopelessly.

"I think," said Mr. O'Fay, "that you ought to see after the birds. You could, if you would. You've seen how I care for them, and all you need do is to care for them in just the same way."

"I know nothing about them," answered Thekla, "and might make some irreparable mistake."

"Tush!" said Mr. O'Fay, and that ended the matter.

For three days Thekla O'Fay tended and fed the cherished fantails, then, just as she told her husband how splendidly she was managing without touching wood, the worst happened, for, going into the loft one morning, she found Blanchette and Spotless dead and stiff on their perches. At first she could not believe that such a calamity had befallen them. They seemed to be just asleep, but she had heard Mr. O'Fay say that fantails *did* die in this peaceful, unostentatious way—as it seemed, simply falling to sleep on their perches, to wake no more.

When all the other birds fluttered to her feet for the morning meal, these two, the most valuable and dearly prized in the lofts, sat close against each other as though in the cold arms of Death they would fain keep one another warm. Thekla, with an inarticulate cry, ran towards them, touched them with her hand and knew what had happened. Without a sign Blanchette and Spotless had gone! They were dead—dead. And now for action. Must she tell Mr. O'Fay? There was no alternative. Could she, then, soften the blow? Perhaps. She packed Blanchette and Spotless in a wooden box, and covered them with a sheet of white lint, crying a little, though whether from fear of Mr. O'Fay's anger or love for the pretty creatures it is not for us to say. She put a little note on the top of the lint, and addressed the box to a naturalist in London. The note contained a request that the birds should be stuffed and mounted in a glass case. She would like them to stand on a plateau of grass near either to a sundial or a fountain—it really did not matter which—and could she have them back as soon as possible. They were for a present.

She sent the packet off with all possible haste, and went up to Mr. O'Fay. Nor could she have chosen a worse time for breaking the tragic news to the invalid. He had had a bad night—the wind had changed to the east—he had caught a fresh chill!

Thekla spoke. "Charles," she said, "a terrible calamity has overtaken our fantails."

Mr. O'Fay sat upright in bed. "Megrimms?" he asked.

"I don't know what those are," said Thekla, stupidly; "they're dead."

"Dead?"

"Dead."

"How many?"

"Two."

"Which two?"

"Blanchette—and Spotless."

"Bring them to me." He was in a white heat of passion and the anger in his eyes frightened Thekla.

"Impossible, impossible, Charles," she said, "I—I've sent them up to London to have them stuffed. I thought you would like

Then the channels of his wrath were unloosed. "Fool—fool—fool!" he reiterated (he or she?), "to trust my prize birds with a witless woman who couldn't even rear the child of her own bearing!"

A cruel thrust, for Thekla's one child had died before it reached the age of six months. That Charles *could* be so cruel! How was she, who had never had a child before, to know anything about little babies? Charles had no pity. After that no allusion was made to the fantails. Thekla saw Mr. O'Fay destroy his entries, and knew that, disappointed over the two, he had lost interest in all. She watched him with misgiving; he seemed a broken

man; but she hoped great things would accrue from the arrival of the stuffed pets.

Two nights before the date of the International the case arrived. It was a huge case, and Thekla with difficulty opened it out; then she gave a little gasp of pleasure. She could not have believed that in death the fantails could have seemed so life-like. In a large glass case, with a floor of greenest grass, Blanchette and Spotless flouted their grandeur. There was a fountain, absurdly out of proportion, but somehow Blanchette managed to perch on its edge, while Spotless, with one pink foot slightly raised, strutted below.

The bill fluttered out from among the paper wrappings and a note the full significance of which Thekla O'Fay found it impossible to grasp. "I have arranged the birds as desired, but—they were already stuffed." Thekla read the little missive six times, then she knew they had been the victims of a wicked, wanton hoax. She destroyed the letter at once, by fire, and posted off a cheque on her own account to the naturalist. She sent no reply to his statement. What, indeed, could she say? Nor did she tell Mr. O'Fay. She dreaded of all things another scene over the dead pets; she feared of all things another relapse. The old saying about "sleeping dogs" applied also to sleeping fantails. The glass case was placed in a prominent position in the great dining-room, and coming in suddenly, she found Mr. O'Fay leaning towards it, staring intently at the contents. He looked at Thekla and she at him. She longed to ask him, "Did he like them?" but forbore.

Presently he turned to her. He hardly lifted his voice, and it seemed to her that all traces of emotion had left him. "These are not my fantails," he said.

Thekla knew instinctively that the time for subterfuge was over, and, her face half hidden in Mr. O'Fay's coat sleeve, she confessed all. "I was ignorant," she said. "How was I to know? In Maida Vale we had no fantails! All that I did I did out of love for you, Charles. I wanted to spare your feelings, and to—give you a surprise—I mean a present, that would remind you always of our pets. How should I know that they were already stuffed? Could I guess such a thing? Then the note came, and even reading it I hardly understood. It means, of course—"

"It means, of course," said Mr. O'Fay, "that I have been robbed—duped—cheated. It means that these stuffed birds placed side by side on their perch in my loft are mere substitutes for my stolen fantails! It means the most cold-blooded, wanton theft that a man could perpetrate. It's McFine, of course, and if I had him here—" He made a clicking sound, something like the click of a discharging gun.

Thekla shivered, looking towards the sunset glow. "We mustn't let the sun go down on our wrath," she said, glad that so appropriate a quotation had come to her in a moment of urgent need.

Mr. O'Fay spun round on his heel. "Fiddlesticks!" he said, and wheeled out of the room, leaving Thekla in blushes at his profanity.

He spoke little the next few days, but on the morning of the "International" he rose early, coming downstairs equipped as for a journey. "I shall catch the ten-forty-five home," he said.

Thekla implored. "Oh! Charles, I beg of you. Don't go to the show! I entreat. I implore you." She had a premonition of impending evil.

"Thekla, have I ever missed the show?"

She admitted that he had not.

"Then why now? Why now?"

"Oh, you know—you know!" she cried.

He put on his hat, and reaching down his coat asked her to hold it. As he slipped his arms into the sleeves she tried once more.

"Promise me, Charles, that you'll do nothing—rash." But Mr. O'Fay made no promise. In less than two hours he was threading his way about the show, admiring, criticising, coveting. As he stood looking at some prize Jacobins, he heard voices behind him, and was arrested by the sound of his own name.

"Curious," said one voice. "Mr. O'Fay sent me some fantails to dress a few weeks ago, and they were already stuffed!"

The answer was a loud guffaw, and he recognised McFine's voice. For a moment his control was almost gone, but by an effort he held himself in check, passing on almost mechanically to the fantail section. He sought out a large pen in which were two magnificent pure white fantails, turning about the ticket to see who was the lucky prize-winner. Ah! he need not have troubled. McFine's name was there. For a moment he stood riveted, then gave a long, low, tuneful whistle. The beautiful creatures fluttered up from the sand on which they strutted, they answered with gentle cry to his call, they dashed their white wings against the confining bars, they asked him with tender, pleading eyes for their liberty. Mr. O'Fay shut out the light a moment from his eyes, shading them with a hand that shook. Then he took a little white powder from his pocket, together with some grain, tossing it into the cage. He groaned. "Ah, my pretty birds! My pretty birds!" he said. "Ah!" with a whistle, "Blanchette! Spotless!" The fantails thanked him with pretty coquetry; they fluttered their wings and pecked at the grain. With a shudder Mr. O'Fay turned on his heel and strode from the building.

"Who won the challenge cup?" asked Thekla, later.

"McFine."

"In the fantail class?"

"Yes—in the fantail class."

"I suppose they were splendid birds," said Thekla, who felt she must say something.

"The most perfect birds I have ever seen," answered Mr. O'Fay, "Blanchette and Spotless."

Of course she knew. "And what will he do with them, now he's got them?" she enquired, frightened by the look in his eyes.

"Oh, I should think—he'll have them stuffed!" answered Mr. O'Fay.

IN THE GARDEN.

PLANTS AND THEIR NAMES.—IV.

BULBS AND TUBEROUS-ROOTED PLANTS.

PEOPLE, as a rule, seem to be more conservative and less enterprising in the matter of bulbs and plants with tuberous roots than in any other department of the garden, except perhaps that of the vegetable list. In Hyacinths, Tulips, Daffodils and Crocuses very little variety is the usual order, and what hundreds of treasures are left out! Perhaps if the family of Ornithogalum had a shorter name the different members would be more popular. They are, as a rule, confused with alliums, the English name being Star of Bethlehem, while the white allium neapolitanum or white Garlic of Italy, sold in the shops in the spring is usually known by that name. Both families increase very easily. Alliums smell of Garlic, and are more long-suffering than Ornithogalums. The white native bulb, *O. nutans*, does very well in grass, and has a curious beauty of its own growing, but it has an unfortunate habit of closing when picked; but the gem of the family is *O. pyramidalis*, a Spanish bulb that flowers in June here, and in May in Paris, where it is called *l'épée de la Vierge*. True to its name, it flowers in pyramid form; every bud expands in water. The secret of success is to take up the bulbs in July or August at least every other year, dry them well in the sun and replant them in October. Galtonias are often called Hyacinths. They were found in Africa by Francis Galton, and are allied to the Hyacinth family. *G. candicans* (white) is a handsome bulb, of easy culture, with large bells, and has the great merit of flowering in August. It should be planted in the spring. Other distant cousins are the Muscari, so called from the scent of the flowers, and named Grape Hyacinths from the form of the tiny bells. Planted in a mass they are strikingly beautiful, and the best-coloured are those called Heavenly Blue. They are good subjects for naturalising in grass. Snowdrops are of course, known to everyone, but Snowflakes are rarer, yet they

often do well in gardens where Snowdrops deteriorate from year to year. There are two kinds, *Leucojum vernum* (spring-flowering, as its name indicates) and *L. aestivum* and *L. Hernandezii*, both flowering in summer. These last have stalks one and a half feet long. They do best in half-shade. It seems almost an impertinence to write to readers of COUNTRY LIFE of such well known flowers as the Crown Imperials, but some people think they are Lilies, and look in vain for them in the Lily lists of the nurserymen. Many think them difficult to grow and flower, because if they get disturbed in the autumn when the beds are forked they throw up blind stems and no blooms. They are, of course, *Fritillaria imperialis*, a beautiful name for a beautiful flower. Does everyone know the legend that in the Garden of Gethsemane all the flowers bowed their heads in sorrow except the Crown Imperial? As the Christ passed He laid His hand on the flower with the words, "Lily, be not so proud," and ever after this *Fritillaria* bows its head in shame, and in the heart of each flower is a crown of tears. The translators of the Bible and of legends used the word Lily indiscriminately for any flower. The old English habit of calling flowers Lilies, even those which are far removed from the Lily family, still clings in country places. I was astonished to be told by a man who was cleaning the ground for Potatoes that "The soil was full of lilies." I understood his desponding and complaining tone when I grasped that he was referring to the roots of the big white *Convolvulus* or Bell-bind. The charming little Snake's-head, so common in the fields near Oxford, is another member of the *Fritillaria* family, *F. meleagris* (guinea-fowl-like). It gets its English name from its pied and spotted head, which is also in the form of a snake's head from the shape of the petals. *Ixias* are often seen in the flower shops, but not so often in private gardens. They do well in a warm, sunny bed of sandy soil well raised from the ground. Perhaps the most beautiful are *Vulcan* (orange red), *Lucilius* (yellow), *Elvera* (grey) and *viridiflora* (green). The most striking of all the common

red and white ones are the easiest to grow. To those who only know the florists' Cyclamen grown in pots for winter decoration, the hardy Cyclamen seem too wonderful to be true, flowering out of doors as they do in mid-winter, darling little dwarf things, some with leaves most beautifully marked. These last flower, as a rule, in autumn, before the leaves appear; but such treasures must be humoured; they like perfect drainage, shelter from ground winds, and early morning sun.

ETHEL CASE.

THE STARWORTS, OR MICHAELMAS DAISIES.

In many gardens the Starworts or Michaelmas Daisies have not been so good as usual this year. Owing to the exceptional spell of dry weather experienced during the first two or three weeks of September the plants rushed into flower early and were quickly over; indeed, in some instances the blossoms only remained presentable for about three days. In more favourable seasons these beautiful flowers last in good condition for several weeks, even with poor treatment, and often are the only outdoor kinds presentable after frost has been experienced. Fortunately their cultivation is of the simplest character. At Aldenham House, where they are grown better than at any other place I know, the plants are subjected to an annual lifting, this generally being done

bushes until some decided check has been put upon growth. Of course, Roses can be successfully planted at any time through the winter right up till the end of March, providing the weather is open; but experience has taught us that the end of October and during the first two weeks of November is the best time of the whole year. The soil then still retains a good deal of the summer and autumn heat, and the Roses, owing mainly to this comparative warmth, quickly make new roots, and therefore suffer far less from the vicissitudes of our winters than they would if planted later when the ground has become wet and cold. Even after frost has checked growth considerably, many varieties retain the bulk of their leaves, and it is a good safeguard against disaster to cut these off when planting is done. If left on, they drain off the moisture from the stems more quickly than the disturbed roots can supply it, with the result that the shoots become shrivelled and soft, and particularly vulnerable to frosts. Although pruning in a strict sense is not admissible at this season, it is advisable to shorten somewhat any extra long growths that may be present on bushes that have just been planted. If left on, these shoots provide leverage for strong winds, to the detriment of the bushes, which one often finds swaying about in a most distressful manner. When



A BORDER OF MICHAELMAS DAISIES.

early in the new year. The border, which, by the way, is devoted to these flowers of autumn, is then thoroughly and deeply dug and well dressed with good, fully decayed farmyard manure. The plants are then divided carefully and only a few of the most vigorous outside portions replanted, and the soil made quite firm about their roots. Many of the varieties that we have in our gardens were raised at Aldenham House, and not a little of their charm lies in the diversity of size and colour found in the flowers. One of the best is Climax, seen at the back of the border shown in the accompanying illustration. This is a tall and strong-growing variety, with large flowers of sky-blue colour. Other good varieties are Anellus bessarabicus, dwarf, deep blue; Attraction, large, pale blue; Perfection, small white flowers; Grey Dawn, small, grey-blue blossoms; St. Egwin, rose pink; and Sirius, a deeper shade of that colour.

PLANTING ROSES EARLY.

Owing to the absence of frost in the Southern Counties, Roses are still growing freely, and in many instances quite a good display of flowers could be seen during the fourth week in October. This will surely mean that planting will be delayed, even where the beds have been prepared, as nurserymen will hesitate to lift the

cutting these growths, however, sufficient must be left for pruning away next spring, otherwise the buds that we must rely upon for new wood next year will be forced into growth at an early date, and then destroyed by early spring frosts. H.

THE UNREST AMONG FARM LABOURERS IN LANCASHIRE.

II.—THE INNER HISTORY OF DISPUTE.

IN the first article we dealt with the district in which this strike occurred and the work and wages of the workers who revolted. We now come to the story of the strike itself. The first essential of so widespread a movement as this strike showed itself to be is organisation. And it is very interesting, from a more general standpoint than that of the question immediately under discussion, to see how this came about. Agitation appears to have first been begun by some of the organised workers in Liverpool. And one has only to realise how easily the teamsmen and other agricultural labourers from the surrounding country districts could be brought in to replace the labour of town

carters and dockers to see how essential it is to the success of labour movements in the big towns that the farm labourers should also be united in a union which could call them out in support of their fellow-workers in the event of a strike or lock-out. Here, in the waggons, is the skilled labour necessary to replace the carters; again, in the labourers is the strength and dogged pertinacity well able to do the work of the dockers. Such ideas may not have occurred to the original organisers. But, at any rate, that is how organisation began.

In the autumn of 1912, the assistance of the National Agricultural and Rural District Workers' Union, whose head-quarters are in Norfolk, was invoked, and a regular campaign of agitation was carried on for the purpose of getting members. The number who joined must have been about one thousand five hundred to two thousand, but we have been unable to ascertain the exact figures. Then the inevitable happened, but with a precipitancy which was, in our opinion, as ill-advised as we believe it was unnecessary and unexpected. We say inevitable, for it is only in the natural order of things that, having forged a tool, the workers should be ready to use it. And therein lies a moral which we propose to point later on. And that the happening was precipitate and ill-advised let the facts show.

As soon as the Union became strong enough, the objects for which it was formed were declared, or, to put it another way, the programme which any such organisation must needs formulate as a justification for its existence, or, as a reason for its birth, was drawn up in the form of a circular, and a copy, signed by the employees on each farm where the workers had joined the Union, was handed to each farmer by his men, with a request that a reply should be given within a week as to whether he would be prepared to consider the demands of the Union. These were as follows: (1) A maximum of eight hours' work per day. (2) Saturday half-holiday. (3) A minimum wage of 24s. a week. (4) Payment of 6d. an hour for overtime.

Not unnaturally, some of the farmers took this circular as an ultimatum, or at least a threat, and one farmer promptly dismissed all his hands, eight in number, and gave them notice to quit their cottages. The newly formed Union had to stand by these victims of what cannot but be considered their precipitate action, and strike pay (or, as it was described to us, victimisation pay) was found for the eight dismissed men. After six weeks, no agreement having been reached, a sympathetic strike was agreed upon, and some fifteen hundred to two thousand labourers came out. The strike lasted about a fortnight. It was ended through a suggestion made by the Superintendent of Police at Ormskirk to the effect that a joint-committee of masters and men with an independent chairman should be appointed to discuss the matters in dispute, and that on this understanding the men should return to work at once. The King was just about to pay his eagerly anticipated visit to Lancashire, and at one time it was feared that this would have to be abandoned. Happily so great a disappointment was averted by the agreement of both sides to the suggestion.

The rest is comparatively recent history. The joint committee, composed of six farmers and six labourers, met in July, under the chairmanship of Mr. Brighouse, a well known and highly esteemed solicitor of long standing in Ormskirk. It is an open secret that they were unable to agree as to the precise meaning of the terms of the reference. The labourers expected to be able to discuss and settle all the points in dispute, *i.e.*, the demands already stated; the farmers would only deal with "matters arising out of the strike," which resolved themselves into the sole question of reinstatement. The astute chairman, seeing that no agreement would ever be reached on this fundamental point, suggested that he should draft and submit a report, a proposal which was readily accepted. At a second meeting this report was presented. It is chiefly noteworthy for the suggestion that a permanent Conciliation Board should be formed, to whom all such questions as the matters in dispute could be submitted. The report was adopted without comment, and the joint committee thereupon dissolved itself, prompted to a melancholy and premature demise by the acute difference of opinion as to the purpose of its existence and by the realisation by the members of the fact that they had no means of enforcing any conclusion to which they might come.

The committee's report will doubtless receive careful consideration at the hands of the Lancashire Farmers' Association and the Liverpool and District Farmers' Club on the one hand and at those of the Labourers' Union on the other. And it is to be hoped that a basis of an arrangement of a lasting nature may be arrived at. For the men are naturally disappointed at the result of the labours of a committee from which they had hoped so much, and there is much talk of stronger organisation in the immediate future and a more effective strike next year unless an agreement is reached—a calamity which, we believe, each side is equally anxious to avoid.

This, then, is a brief history of a remarkable movement in the agricultural world of England in this year of grace 1913. Such upheavals are, happily, so rare that it had inevitably excited widespread attention. Next week we hope to sum up the situation by stating briefly the conclusions to which the impartial observer is led by the facts and circumstances which we have related.

TRUFFLE HUNTING.

THE subterranean truffle has habitats among the oaks, beeches and chestnuts of Wiltshire, Hampshire, Hertfordshire, Dorset, Surrey, Sussex and Kent, more especially where the loamy soil shows signs of limestone or chalk.

Once upon a time the pursuit of the English black truffle with trained cross-bred poodles was remunerative to many men in districts where it still grows without getting a blink of daylight, reverting in due time to its own mould. A shortage of the native product is to be deplored at a time when imported French truffles are being sold in five-shilling bottles by high-class grocers and Italian warehousemen. *Chefs-de-cuisine* and French and Italian *restaurateurs* in London sometimes use substitutes such as the sclerodermas, lycoperdons and other pernicious fungi of the puffball order, secured above-ground in Epping Forest. Some pork-butchers introduce these false truffles into their sausage-meat, the worst result to the consumer being nausea.

Sir Tancred Robinson, in 1693, had his doubts about "*Tuber terræ*" (after Pliny) as a table delicacy. It duly became classified, as "*Tuber æstivum*," or summer tuber, with the potato (*Tuber solanum*) and the artichoke; so that we have now at least three earth-tubers, and the potato, once known as "devil's apple," is the only one with a narcotic influence. The true French truffle (*Tuber melanosporum*) of the vine-countries is of high economic importance; commercially it ranks pre-eminent among fungi, though it does not surpass the flavour of the English field-mushroom, or even the morel of spring. The exorbitant price it commands is traceable to the fact of its comparative rareness, for the experts of the champignon industry have not yet succeeded in cultivating it, and the manufacture of truffle spawn remains to be solved by mycologists. In Italy the garlic-scented *tuffola* (*T. magnatum*) comes first, while Germany yields a white truffle, of which considerable quantities are dyed in Paris to sell in England and elsewhere as the genuine product of the Pénord plantations and the vine-countries. Throughout Europe the truffle crops are quite adventitious. As in France, selected specimens fetch any price up to 20s. per lb. for bottling, the night-poacher with his pig becomes a *bête noir* in oak and chestnut woods during the autumn months. In the Pénord district many a four-pounder has been uncovered, the profit arising from it exceeding that from a whole week's humdrum labour. Pigs are keener truffle-hunters than poodles, but they are far worse to manage. The fungus, though presenting to the eye no indication of its presence, rarely lies more than three inches below the surface, so that a pig, having scented one, can soon plough it out with his snout. Before the eager porker can secure the prize, however, his master unceremoniously hustles him aside and removes it carefully with a long-bladed knife. By this behaviour, ecstatic gruntings are suddenly changed to squeals and loud notes of chagrin which sometimes betray the poacher. In that case the pig may be confiscated by law, after the truffles have, perhaps, been duelled and kissed over by the always polite Frenchmen! It may here be noted that the badger seeks another species of truffle over acres of ground in Finland, and is supposed to prefer this fungus to common fruits and roots.

French cooks imagine their truffle improves all it touches. It flavours sauces and gravies; it is peeled, sliced and stewed in water with a little meat and a few herbs till tender; it is washed, wrapped in wet paper, and baked in ashes. Truffled turkey is certain to appear on Christmas Eve; pheasants are stuffed throughout autumn and winter with *pâté de foie gras* (as a highly seasoned paste exported to England in tins) containing quartered truffles; and they are also marinaded, and cooked on a bed of truffles in port wine. But the true *pâté de foie gras* is a fat liver pie bearing the guarantee of the brand of the place-name, Périgord or Strasburg. For this fashionable comestible vast preparations are made by fattening Michaelmas, Martinmas and Christmas geese solely for their livers, the tough, attenuated carcasses being disposed of to peasants for—in English money—about a shilling each. But, seemingly, these goose-liver pies cannot be made without alternate layers of truffles.

The English truffle-dog was of no independent breed; practically everything depended on the dog's adaptability and training. The original type came from France, and it was a white, woolly, curly poodle of diminutive size with a bit of the spaniel inbred

in him. His master would surely be a mushroom-gatherer, cross bred with an animal-trainer. Many an English squire would come out to see a performing troupe of truffle-dogs find their bloodless quarry and give bloodless sport. Some dogs would find basket-loads of truffles in a day on Wiltshire and Hampshire estates, and the market was a very poor one indeed if they did not fetch at least three shillings per pound. Taking chances and truffles together, we must not wait for them to turn up on the Micawber principle, or suppose that the olfactory nerve of a human being could ever detect their presence; we must just get the pig or poodle trained, then hustle about and turn them up.

The truffle-grounds are on or near a cretaceous formation. He who seeks these fungi gets permission to roam the parklands, the plantation and copse-sides, repairing instinctively to the stately oaks, beeches, and chestnuts at time of leaf-fall, even to the damp days of Martinmas, when the odour of toadstools mingles with that of newly stirred beech-mast and fallen hazel-nuts, which attract pheasants and squirrels. Truffles, like tomatoes, may be an acquired taste, but they seem to know that they are not safe above ground, because, independently of their market value, they have enemies in pigs, badgers, squirrels, rats, shrews and mice. A poodle learns to hunt for them on his own account by the penetrating, slightly mouldy, but by no means unpleasant odour. These dogs are, or can be, trained by tying bits of truffle to a piece of meat, burying the same under trees in three-inch holes, and firming down the ground. Being hungry when taken out, a dog in his novitiate scents the meat and is urged to dig for it, and with such success that it soon goes the way of all flesh. At first the truffle is rejected, but, with growing enthusiasm for the exercise, it ultimately becomes an object worth uprooting for a kind master, who always has a titbit ready in the event of success.

We have seen a couple of those comical, well-conducted dogs follow their master afield in a meek and mild manner, close at heel, and occasionally stopping to shake the clinging dew off their legs or curly coat. Their master wears an old brown velvet jacket with showy buttons and deep pockets, his tweed cloth hat being a good sportsman's cast-off, his boots and leggings waterproof. In one hand he carries a spud or two-pronged fork on a long handle; slung over one arm is a potato-basket. On coming to some leaf-littered turf within a beech tree's umbrage this bloodless huntsman thinks he will try his luck "just for fun." Floss is told to "ave a scrat at this 'ere bit o' mould to obleege yer ole mas'r, an' go ye

gently, gently." Tiny hangs back like a little coward; Floss skips about like a lambkin. She sniffs the ground all around the veteran beech without offering to break into it. "Oh, yes, you like truffles too," remarks the sympathetic master, "we know all about that. But ladies always goes first, you know, Tiny." After a few unsuccessful trials the poodles are freed and bidden to find for themselves. This order occasions great excitement, but the curly ones make not as much as a "waff," lest the truffles they seek should bob their heads lower under the surface! Away go the little canines to sniff and snuff everywhere among distended tree roots, and soon they are scraping in a most business-like manner—but not as hurriedly or viciously as fox-terriers—to the tune of their master's "Go gently now!" Unless watched they will sharply turn out a truffle from its protective two or three inches of mould, and if they do not devour it they certainly cannot help damaging it. So, when in luck's way, the proprietor of the business is kept running about the trees with his long-handled spud to assist in dislodging specimens, and each time the little worker is rewarded with bread or meat purposely tainted with a few toadstools carried in his pocket.

Our black truffle (*Tuber aestivum*) is rarely as big as a first-prize potato. Though more globose, it is about the size of an average three-year-old artichoke, those of nut size being of little value. They are solid and rugged, with many bumps and a thick skin covered as with five-sided warts. The truffles in Bath Market used to be red, mere varieties of the one English species whose skin may be either black or dark grey, though the flesh ranges from marbly pink to brown. It is net-worked with pale veins, in which are embedded the asci containing the spores or seed-equivalents.

HARWOOD BRIERLEY.

THE HOUND TRAIL.

SINCE this characteristic North Country sport came under the control of an active and vigilant association its progress has been rapid, until now it bids fair to rise from the slough of gambling and crooked practices in which for long it had languished. In the course of a few seasons practically every owner of trail hounds and every sports meeting holding a hound trail has recognised the central authority, and over five hundred hounds are now on its register. The present-day trail hound is used exclusively



THE RUN IN.

for the sport, and is bred and developed with no other purpose in view. Twenty-five years back my old friend Tommy Dobson, the working-man Master and huntsman of the Eskdale and Ennerdale Foxhounds, could hold forth with perfect truth that any trail hound with a little trouble could be entered to fox and would follow with the best. The most successful runners of that day were the pick of the fast hounds belonging to regular hunting packs, and their supremacy was made sure by hard training. Trail-running was the hobby of the hardy farmers and dalesmen who took hounds to "walk," and the training was entirely due to their skill and interest. When any accident of in-breeding or other cause made the scenting powers uncertain, then a strain of the staunch old Northern harrier, a fine hound now almost forgotten, was introduced as a corrective.

The modern trail hound is a highly specialised creature, and in its evolution most of the old foxhound characteristics have been lost. To get speed, and still more speed, much of greyhound blood has been introduced, so that one sees everywhere the light body, the narrow head of that breed, with, in a few cases, slight indications of the blood-hound. But "nose" in these days of strong trails is sadly lacking. And the voice—it is a nasty jangle missing all the fine points of both bay and bark. Many of the swiftest hounds run practically silent, all desire to throw tongue having vanished. It is certain that even on a breast-high scent the modern trail-hound would not hunt a fox, though it might sprint for a while with the pack. The elimination of weight and substance, too, has resulted in a great loss of stamina, and a stormy day on the hills would mean the end of most of the new type. It is, indeed, not unusual to find competitors badly punished by their efforts in a trail of ordinary duration.

The hound trail will always be at its best in a hilly country. Those cup-like valleys in Cumberland and Westmorland, where great slopes rise on every side, are ideal for the purpose, for there the course can often be arranged to follow the higher ground for miles in full sight of the spectators. One can imagine something like tedium where the hounds, on being "loosed," are in a few seconds beyond the view, to remain hidden until at the finish a succession of tired hounds come into view a couple of fields way. The men who "lay the trail"—who drag the cloths saturated with aniseed, paraffin and turpentine across miles of rugged, stony and fern-tangled country—are



SCREAMER, WINNER OF MANY TRIALS.

Meanwhile down on the sports ground the trainers and hounds, with the attendant rag, tag and bob-tail of hangers-on have made their way into the ring and have been marshalled into some sort of a line. And what an ear-splitting noise there is. Hound after hound screams its excitement as muzzles are laid aside, cloths discarded and leads flung aside. Some of the young hounds, scenting business, are hard to hold by grip of collar alone, but the older hands are quieter, only giving mouth occasionally. As the trailer comes in, his bundle of evil-smelling rags jerking at his heels, the row becomes fearful, and so lively the hounds, once they get a whiff of aniseed, that it is usual to "go" at once. And with a wild yell a doggy avalanche sweeps down the scent, mounts the wall and away. Then usually follows a pause until the pack streams across the level meadows, maybe jumping a stream or two or struggling through the matted undergrowth of a coppice. The moment they are in sight, a mile away, some raucous voice behind will proclaim: "Chanter's lead." "Nay, 'tisn't; it's Echo."

"Geroot; it's a white dog." "I'll bet thee a bob it's Echo." And so on. These are the cognoscenti, of course, but to the ordinary spectator the sight of a score of hounds, white, and lemon, and tan, and black, breasting a steep bracken-covered slope and going up with easy bounds is very interesting. And up above the bracken, the screams—and, maybe, the 2,000ft. contour. Then the course slopes away across a field of boulders and in and out of deep water-courses unto the neck of a house or pass, then down a



A CHARACTERISTIC TRAIL HOUND.

good path—"They *are* going at a bat," whispers some enthusiast—they disappear behind a nearer hill, and long one has to wait.

All unnoticed the other trailer has brought in his rags, and the judges and catchers are in their places. One of the uncompleted tasks of the association is the organisation of a model finish. At present custom varies much—at one place



THE RUNNER WAITING TO BRING IN THE END OF THE TRAIL.

the first hound to leap a certain fence is the winner, at another the first to top it, a third has an imaginary line between two boulders. Owing to this confusion it is usual for the trainer when he sees hounds in sight to call or whistle, so that his hound may know it is time for a final effort. And wonderfully wise are some hounds in answering to this call. This year an effort has been made to stop this calling, which certainly has become a nuisance. A hundred voices screaming as only North Countrymen can scream the unmelodious name of some hound is a bit blood-curdling. The experiment tried at Grasmere this year of finishing the hound trail in the ring should certainly be persevered with.

Now the leading hound appears on the sky-line, and swiftly, neatly, now through the bracken and over the grass slopes he drops, running easily and not at all distressed; another hound follows, then another, and a pair together. Sometimes one gets a really close finish—two or three hounds racing neck and neck over the last half-mile. This year at Grasmere Sports Chanter won by inches, making a great burst in the last hundred yards, and one remembers a finish when six hounds "could be covered with a sheet," and a hound passed from first to sixth by pausing on the top of the last wall instead of dropping at once into the field.

As indicated, the present government of the sport is by no means a bed of roses; there is much to do in the way of influencing local committees, more to do in influencing owners and trainers, and very much more if a serious attempt is ever to be made to control the rowdy and gambling element who for so

long have used the sport to their own unworthy ends. The typical followers of the hound trail is not the dalesman, the quarryman, the shepherd or the miner, but a different and distinct class. One can see their unhealthy bleared faces at every meeting—and the sport gets little credit by their presence and conduct.

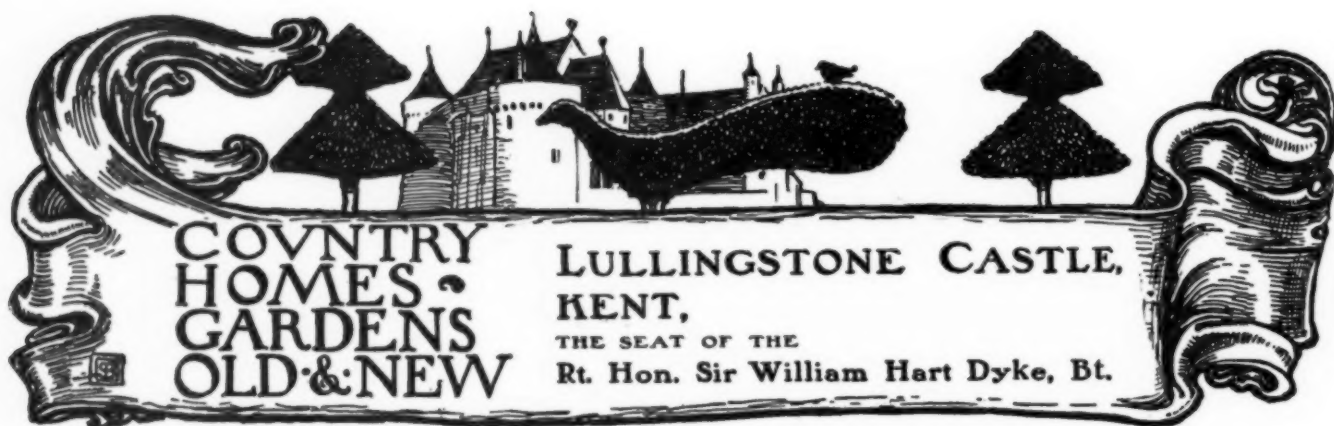
The training by which the hounds are perfected in speed and skill is rather a mystery, and Jerry Coward's own method is a jealously guarded secret. But he admits that "little but good" in the way of food, and "plenty" in the way of exercise and practice has gone far to put his team of Screamer, Scrambler, Startler and Switcher in the forefront of the sport. A practice trail of full length is run on alternate days, in season and out of season (except when stern business is to the fore on these days). One interesting experiment which Jerry tried recently deserves publicity, and might be suggested as a variant to the ordinary "round trip." His hounds were started on a point to point run from Staveley Head across Kentmere to Troutbeck, a distance of about six miles, involving the crossing of Garburn Pass. The finish was most interesting.

The champion hound of this season is Chanter, who must have won well over a score of the best contests, besides being twice disqualified for leaving the trail wrongly near the finishing flags when it had the prize at its mercy. Chanter is a big, white, upstanding hound, and seems to delight in making good finishes. The sport has during the past few years spread widely: to Lancashire and Durham and Northumberland and a few places as yet in North Yorkshire. The largest price known at which a trail hound has changed hands is the £40 paid in 1912 for Laundryman, but nearly equal sums must have changed hands fairly often. The cash value of the 500 hounds mentioned in the Association's register may be taken at £10 each, representing a quite decent amount of money for so obscure a sport. The cash value of the prizes varies: £4 may be taken as an average, but silver cups and horns are more and more frequently being added. The Association has ordered a close time for trails, a necessity now that so many are run and hounds are so overworked; and has also regulated the duration of a course as not less than thirty or more than forty minutes.

W. T. P.



A WINNER.



LULLINGSTONE is the antithesis of that Sussex home of the Uthwarts which Walter Pater drew for us—"the ancient Uthwarts sleeping all around (the church) outside under the windows, deposited there as quietly as fallen trees on their native soil, and almost unrecorded, as there had been almost nothing to record." Rokesles, Peches and Harts, owners in turn of Lullingstone, had a gift for stately burial and fitting epitaph. A short stone's-throw from the castle is the church of St. Botolph, and there we can best conjure up the history of the people who have held

the manor since Odo of Bayeux numbered it among his vast possessions. Godfrey de Ros, who held Lullingstone of the great Bishop, appears in Domesday Survey as no more than a name decorated with tale of carucates, villeins and hog-pannage. From a later de Ros Lullingstone went to the de Rokesles, and John of that name, dying in 1361 Rector of Chelsfield, was brought for burial to the church of his home. He lies beneath the chancel screen, and over him a narrow brass and his arms, which bear a chess-rook in punning reference to his name of Rokesle or Rooksley. From those who inherited his

lands Lullingstone was bought by Sir John Peche, of whom we know little save that he was of a family which earned distinction in Edward I.'s Scottish campaigns. Succeeded in turn by William, John and William, all knights, the last Sir William is remembered by the fine brass effigy let into the chancel floor. His scabbard is engraved with a long peach tree—another piece of heralds' punning—and the inscription is very notable because the date, 1487, is in Arabic numerals, seldom used in the Middle Ages. He was succeeded by a third Sir John, last and most notable of his name at Lullingstone, Constable of Dover, Warden of the Cinque Ports and Lord Deputy of Calais; he was a great man in the City of London, and the Grocers' Company benefits yet by his generous gifts. Mindful of his own magnificence, he built as his last home the splendid tomb which stands to the north of the high altar. The canopy shows its rich carvings north and south, with shields of arms of Peche and allied families and of the Grocers' Company. Pomegranates conjoined with the letter "A" suggest that Arthur Prince of Wales still lived when the sculptor was at his work. Doubtless Peche enjoyed Royal favour, for he was Sheriff when Perkin Warbeck made his bid for the throne, and he fought the Pretender's Cornish followers. He left no son, and Lullingstone passed to his sister Elizabeth, whose first husband was John Hart. Her brass in the chancel is a curiosity in blundering epitaphs. The inscription boggles strangely over her next marriage to Thomas Brooke, Lord Cobham, and makes it appear that she was the wife of her second husband's grandson. With her son, Sir Percyvall Hart, we come into closer touch with reality. Not only is he commemorated by a typical Elizabethan tomb on the south side of the altar, but by a fine portrait which hangs in the hall of the castle. It shows him as a man of seventy-nine, a stout, grave gentleman, not unlike what one of his masters, Henry VIII., might have been had he lived to his servant's great age. Sir



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GATEHOUSE ARCH FROM FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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LULLINGSTONE CHURCH AND CASTLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Percyvall leans on a gold-headed cane and rests his left hand on the emblems of mortality—*expecto horam libertatis suæ*. His liberty, however, did not come till five years later. There is a look of shrewd wisdom in the old face, and wise he must have been, for he served in turn Henry VIII. and his three children, who in turn filled the English throne. Searches in the State Papers reveal little of the man. There are formal entries about the routine of Court life, but not much besides. The first is in 1516, when he was one of the fourteen Sewers Extraordinary who served the King. He was then a youth of twenty. Three years later he was in France in the suite of Sir Henry Boleyn, to whom Cardinal Wolsey wrote that he desired the

return of Anthony Browne and Percyvall Hart. Boleyn replied direct to King Henry that he had taken the young men to take leave of the French King, who had received them kindly and appointed them gentlemen of his house with a fee of two hundred crowns. The generous monarch gave them a whole year's wages when they set out for home.

In 1520, and for many years later, Percyvall appears in the accounts as Sewer of the Chamber with twenty pounds a year, which it is worth noting was also paid to Vincent Voulp, a painter, and John Haywood, singer. He married Frideswide, sister and co-heir of John Lord Bray, and in 1531 the King seems to have been godfather to his son at a cost to the Royal



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THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM (QUEEN ANNE'S ROOM).

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purse of three pounds six shillings and eightpence. Two years later Hart attended the Bishop at the Coronation of Anne Boleyn, and the same year he secured the reversion of an Usher of the Exchequer and the custody of "Le Starre Chambre." We get a glimpse of his personal life in 1535. Elizabeth Peche, doubtless a relative of his uncle, Sir John, wrote to Thomas Cromwell from Luddingston of Mr. Hart: "If you knew how good I have been to him, you would think he has handled me very unkindly . . . in my old age." Percyvall was not yet owner of Lullingstone, for his mother did not die until 1543, but probably there were troubles about property, and Elizabeth felt aggrieved. Made Sheriff of Flint in 1536, he secured the reversion of the post of King's Harbinger three years later on the attainder of Sir Edward Nevill. He was among the courtiers who were appointed in 1539 to attend the reception of Anne of Cleves, and first appears as Sir Percyvall in that year. He secured some of the monastic spoils when

He was succeeded by his second son, Sir George, whose portrait occupies one wing of the triptych. The elder brother died before his father. Sir George and his wife lie beneath the typical Elizabethan tomb in the north chapel, which was restored by their son, another Sir Percyvall. William Hart was the next of the line, and from him the estate passed to his nephew, Percyvall, who was a consistent Jacobite and a fervent admirer of Queen Anne. Her Majesty stayed once at the castle, and the bedroom with the furniture as she used it remains unchanged to-day. When George I. came to the throne Hart, as his epitaph tells us, "passed the remainder of his life in Hospitable Retirement with as much tranquility as possible under the declension both of his own health and that of His Native Country which when he could not serve he never ceased to deplore." We can see the stout Churchman and lover of lost causes drinking to his King "over the water" in the house which the last of the Stewart Princesses had honoured



Copyright.

SIR PERCYVALL HART AND HIS TWO SONS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the King, in 1541, granted him Orpington Manor, which belonged to Christ Church, Canterbury.

Sir Percyvall held his appointment of Chief Sewer and Knight Harbinger through the reigns of Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth. In 1573 he entertained the Virgin Queen at his house at Orpington, which he renamed Bark Hart to commemorate the water pageant on the river Cray which he prepared for her amusement. The portrait now reproduced was painted two years later, and the dagger which Sir Percyvall wears in the picture is still preserved at Lullingstone. The Court suit survived until 1832, when it was so moth-eaten that it had to be destroyed. His epitaph recites that "his name in question never came nor went," and goes on to say:

Himself, his house and household train, his diet and his port
With what to worship else might tend he usde in such good sorte
As to his praise just prooffe procur'd, whereas he had to deal
A friend to all, a foe to none, fast to his common weal.

with her presence. The Hanoverian found small loyalty in Kent.

Percyvall Hart left no son, and his daughter Anne, marrying Sir Thomas Dyke, took Lullingstone into that family. Sir Thomas left his own family seat at Horeham and lived altogether at Lullingstone. It was he who first dignified the house with the name of castle, which sits somewhat oddly on the sober eighteenth century façade. Their son, Sir John Dixon Dyke, left no mark on his time, but his epitaph puts us in love with the man—"He was a right true English Gentleman"—which is better than making history. From his brother, the fifth baronet, the title and estate have descended direct to its present owner.

Lullingstone Castle reveals little in its exterior of the manor house in which Sir Percyvall lived in the sixteenth century, but parts of it remain embedded in the fabric. It seems likely that the fine plaster ceiling of the State drawing-room (called Queen Anne's Room from the portrait hanging there), with



Copyright.

THE DRAWING-ROOM FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

its medallions of Numa Pompilius and Tarquin, was put up by the old knight, probably soon after he inherited the house. The flat-moulded ribs of the ceiling, with their delicate arabesques and the sprays of leaves which spring from the corners of some of the panels, are delicate examples of the skill of the Tudor plasterer. A bedroom with linen-fold panelling is another survival of the sixteenth century. A great re-modelling must have been done in the time of Queen Anne's Percyvall Hart, for her portrait medallion is set on the drawing-room mantel-piece. The panelled hall and the delicate balusters of the staircase are of the same period.

Sir John Dixon Dyke, who succeeded in 1763, disliked passing over a bridge every time he entered the house, so he pulled down the inner gateway and filled up the moat. It is difficult to say exactly in what position these were, and also



Copyright. THE STAIRCASE BALUSTERS. "COUNTRY LIFE."

to give any definite date to the existing gate-house. Presumably it was built originally during the reign of Henry VIII., but some of its details suggest that it was considerably restored during the eighteenth century. An old picture over the hall fireplace shows the old lay-out of the grounds, but this was much modified in the "natural" manner in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Perhaps the outstanding impression which the visitor takes from Lullingstone is of that intimate relation between church and manor house which is so characteristically English. Standing close to the house within the confines of the park, and, indeed, within its gates, the church with its storied tombs provides a postscript to the quiet useful lives that were passed within the house, dedicated as they were to the unsensational service of Sovereign and of countryside.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.



NORTH CHAPEL OF LULLINGSTONE CHURCH.



Copyright. TOMB OF SIR PERCYVALL HART. "C.L."

THE RARIORA OF THE COFFEE HOUSE.

IT was just a twelvemonth after the defeat of Charles II. at Worcester that one Bowman, formerly a coachman in the employ of a Turkey merchant, set up a coffee-house opposite the church in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, and took Jonathan Paynter as an apprentice. The "fragrant berry," however, was not altogether a novelty in London, for part of a coffee-tree "brought to England from Moco, in Arabia" (*sic*) figured among the rarities to be seen in Sir Hans Sloane's Bloomsbury Square Museum. One of the early Acts of Parliament passed after the Restoration placed a duty of fourpence on every gallon of coffee made and sold, and three years later another statute directed that all coffee-houses were to be licensed at Quarter Sessions. Notwithstanding the difficulties thus created, the example set by Bowman and Paynter in 1652 must have been very extensively followed, for as early as 1675 the "Merry Monarch" issued a proclamation peremptorily shutting up all coffee-houses as seminaries of sedition; but a few days later the execution of the edict was suspended, and coffee-houses both on the eastern and western sides of Temple Bar continued to increase alike in number and prosperity. In 1698 there appeared at The Hague

from its original site) still exists as a club, and the St. James's Coffee House still flourished at the time of the Battle of Waterloo. It was the "quelque autre chose" mentioned in 1698 by the stranger within our gates which eventually proved fatal to the distinctive character of the once potent and popular coffee-house, and caused it to merge its identity in that of the eating-house, the wine-bar or the tavern.

The fusion of the coffee-house and the tavern was, however, very gradual, for many of the most popular of these establishments came into existence during the reign of Queen Anne (the Royal patroness of tea) or those of the first two Georges. The



AN ALGERIAN COFFEE BEARER. *Circa 1700.*

a quaint little volume in French, full of interesting plates, and entitled, "Mémoires d'Angleterre." A stranger had evidently been among us "takin' notes," for among the staple institutions of the metropolis which he describes, a prominent place is given to the coffee-houses, which he found "extremely convenient." "On y a les Nouvelles," he writes, "on s'y chauffe tant qu'on veut; on y boit une tasse de Caffé ou de quelque autre chose; on s'y rencontre pour négocier les affaires, et le tout pour un sou, si l'on ne veut pas dépenser d'avantage." Pope frankly recognises the power of the coffee-house when he writes in "The Rape of the Lock":

Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.

The abortive proclamation of Charles II. evidently effected little or nothing towards preventing the greater part of these seventeenth century coffee-houses becoming political as well as commercial, social and literary circles; for another traveller who visited London towards the end of Queen Anne's reign affirms that "A Whig will no more go to the Cocoa Tree or 'Ozinda's' than a Tory will be seen at the Coffee House, St. James's." It would be difficult to identify nowadays the precise position of "Ozinda's," but the Cocoa Tree (removed



A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY DUTCH TEA AND COFFEE-HOUSE.



FRENCH LADIES DRINKING COFFEE. *Circa 1730.*

second coffee-house opened in London was the Rainbow, at 15, Fleet Street, now a restaurant. Its proprietor was James Farr, a barber, who issued token-money in the year of the Great Fire, and is supposed to have adopted the sign of the Rainbow to show that his premises were unharmed. In the course of 1667 he was "presented" at the Inquest of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West for "making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, whereby in making the same he annoyeth his neighbours by evil smells; and for keeping of fire for the most part night and day, whereby his chimney and chamber have been set on fire, to the great danger and affrightment of his neighbours." In 1682 the Phoenix Fire Office was established at the Rainbow, which fashionable people continued to frequent during the

greater part of the succeeding century, when it passed into the hands of Alexander Moncrieff, the grandfather of the dramatist. It is thus alluded to in the sixteenth number of the *Spectator*: "I have received a letter desiring me to be very satirical upon the little muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of silver garters, buckled below the knee, that have lately been seen at the Rainbow Coffee-house in Fleet Street." The old coffee-room of the Rainbow originally had a lofty bay-window at the south end, looking into the Temple, in which was a large table for the use of the elders. "Don Saltero's," in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, another of the seventeenth century coffee-houses, was, like the Rainbow, founded by Salter, a hairdresser, who had been valet to Sir Hans Sloane, and had imbibed his master's love of gimcracks. The strange designation of this popular place of resort is explained by Steele in the thirty-fourth issue of the *Tatler*. He describes Salter as "carrying on the avocation of barber and dentist," adding, "You see the barber in *Don Quixote* is one of the principal characters in the history, which



TELLING FORTUNES BY CASTING COFFEE-GROUNDS IN VAUXHALL GARDENS.
After Hayman's Picture.



A FRENCH COFFEE-HOUSE OF 1770.
Called in the print "The Cradle of the New Philosophy."

gave me satisfaction on the doubt why *Don Saltero* writ his name with a Spanish termination." The name was probably suggested by Admiral Munden, who presented Salter, whose patron he became, with a number of "gimcracks," including a coffin containing the body or relics of a Spanish saint who had wrought miracles; also a straw hat advertised as the headgear of the sister of Pontius Pilate's wife's chamber-maid, but which "Dick" Steele vowed he knew to be made by Madge Peskad, not three miles from Bedford. Salter's fidelity to "pure Mocha" soon wavered, for he began to be celebrated as a maker of punch and a skilful fiddler. He sang the praises of his collection and his coffee-house in a set of stanzas beginning with:

Monsters of all sorts here are seen;
Strange things in nature as they grew so;
Some relics of the Sheba Queen
And fragments of the fam'd Bob Crusoe.

The 1760 edition of *Don Saltero's* catalogue contained such extraordinary curiosities as the Pope's candle, Mary Queen of Scots' pin-cushion and Jacob's ears, which grew on a tree. A rival museum was opened at the Royal Swan



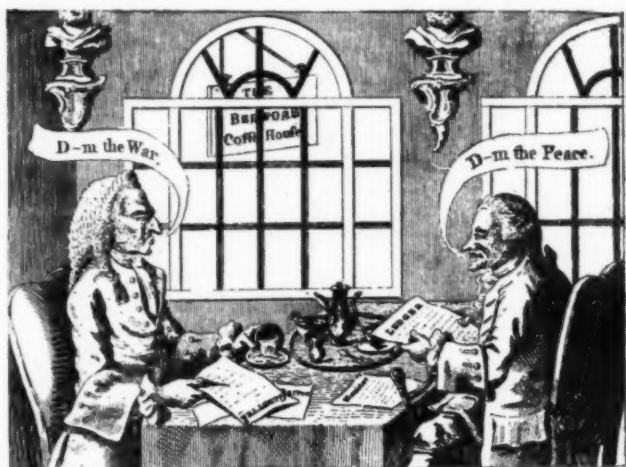
A DUTCH COFFEE-HOUSE. Circa 1770.



A COFFEE-HOUSE OF 1786.
Probably the St James' Coffee-house, Pall Mall.

in Kingsland Road, which quite eclipsed the glories of *Don Saltero's* with the Vicar of Bray's clogs, Adam's key of the back and fore door of Eden, Wat Tyler's spurs and the "very

comb with which Abraham combed his son Isaac." Most of the gimcracks were sold in 1799, but the place was not finally pulled down till 1866. No less than three of the earliest London coffee-houses were located in Change Alley, viz., the Turk's Head, opened in 1662; Garraway's, or Garway's, in existence before 1666; and Sam's, of which mention is made in 1697. Slaughter's in St. Martin's Lane was already prosperous in 1692, and Samuel Pepys records a visit which he paid to Will's, the predecessor of Button's, in Covent Garden, on February 3rd, 1663-4. It was so called after its first owner, William Urwin, and was the last house on the north side of Russell Street, at the corner of Bow Street. The genial diarist writes with enthusiasm of the place "where Dryden the poet (I knew at Cambridge), Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole of our college"



THE BEDFORD COFFEE-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

were wont to congregate and enjoy "very witty and pleasant discourse." Ned Ward was wont to call Will's "the Wits' Coffee-house." It was a true word spoken in jest, for Wycherley, Gay and Dennis were constant frequenters of Will's, while the habitual presence of Dryden helped very materially to increase its fame. The highest honour obtainable at this inner sanctuary of wit was a pinch of snuff from Dryden's box. When very young Pope was taken to Will's in order that he might say he had seen Dryden. Cibber remembered the great poet as "a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Will's." The company at Will's (which Swift did his best to disparage) did not sit in boxes, as subsequently, but sat at various tables which were dispersed through the rooms. To be seen at Will's was enough to give a man the *cachet* of fashion. Tom Brown describes the conditions precedent to setting up for a beau or a wit to be "a pair of red stockings and a sword knot for the one and peeping once a day in at Will's, and two or three second-hand sayings for the other."

It was not till the beginning of the eighteenth century that coffee-houses sprang up in Paris; but they played as prominent a part in the rise and fall of Law's Mississippi Scheme as the Change Alley coffee-houses did during the excitement occasioned by the South Sea Bubble. Garraway's coffee-house at 3, Change Alley, was so called after Thomas Garway, "tobacconist and coffee-man," its first proprietor. It was here that tea was first sold in England; and long after the collapse of the South Sea Bubble it was the scene of many great mercantile transactions. In 1721 Swift wrote:

Meanwhile, secure on Garway's cliffs,
A savage race by shipwreck fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

Mr. E. M. Ward's celebrated picture, now in the National Gallery, shows in the background Garraway's as Swift must have seen it. In the following year (1722) a foreign traveller speaks of Garraway's, Robins's and Joe's as the three most celebrated coffee-houses of the City. It was the first-named, however, which found favour in the eyes of the "quality folk"; and it was here that Dr. Ratcliffe sat when he was told he had lost five thousand guineas over one of his ventures, and calmly replied, "Why, 'tis but going up five thousand pair of stairs more." The house originally opened by Garway perished in the

Great Fire; that connected with the South Sea Bubble was burned down in 1748; and the Garraway's which took its place and is remembered by many still living was pulled down in 1866, the same year that the Angel at Oxford, where coffee was first sold in England, finally disappeared, and the door of Don Saltero's was closed for the last time.

The Turk's Head in 'Change Alley had for its sign a picture of "Morat the Great," the hero of Dryden's "Aureng Zebe." The finest token issued by its proprietor was prepared by John Roettier. Upon it one reads the legend "Coffee, Tobacco, Sherbet, Tea, Chocolat, Retail in Change Ale." The word "tea" occurs in no other seventeenth century token. Mine host of the Turk's Head was evidently an advertiser who lived before his time, for in a newspaper of 1662 customers and acquaintances are invited on New Year's Day "to the Great Turk new Coffee-house, in Exchange Alley, where coffee will be free of cost." Of "Sam's," the third 'Change Alley house, we know comparatively little; but there was another Turk's Head close to Temple Bar in the Strand which Samuel Johnson and his friends frequented with the laudable intention of "encouraging the mistress, a good civil woman, but without much business." Under the date August 3rd, 1773, Boswell notes the fact that before setting out for foreign parts a last social meeting took place at the Turk's Head. It was subsequently renamed "The Turk's Head, Canada and Bath Coffee-house," and finally, as "Wright's Hotel," flourished during the greater part of the nineteenth century. Lack of space prevents



ENTRANCE TO THE CAFE ROYAL D'ALEXANDRE. A popular Parisian coffee-house of 1770. The coffee-pot has been used to put out the fire.



A PARIS COFFEE-HOUSE IN 1730.

any detailed description of the coffee-houses of Devereux Court, the most notable of which was the Grecian, "adjacent to the Law," originally kept by one Constantine, a Greek, conspicuously mentioned in the first number of the *Spectator*, and some years later much frequented by "Goldsmith and the Irish and Lancashire Templars," as well as by King, Foote and the

learned Fellows of the Royal Society. In 1843 it was transformed into the "Grecian Chambers," with a bust of Devereux Earl of Essex above the door. If the war of factions which raged during the latter part of the reign of Charles II. first gave importance to the discussions of the coffee-house, their popularity was increased by the ecclesiastical, literary and political controversies which went on from the very beginning of the eighteenth century up to the time when all hopes of a Stuart restoration were finally extinguished by the bloodshed of Culloden. Before the disasters of 1745 the coffee-houses of London could be numbered by thousands, and in 1751 a whole volume was devoted to the annals of one of them—the famous "Bedford" in the north-east corner of the Piazza of Covent Garden, described as having been signalised for many years as the emporium of wit, the seat of criticism and the standard of taste. Here lived Foote, Fielding and Woodward; Leone, Murphy and Dr. Arne were its faithful *habitues*, the last wearing a suit of velvet even in the dog days. Stacie was its proprietor when the two Fieldings, Hogarth, Churchill, Lloyd, Goldsmith and those already mentioned met there, and held a gossiping shilling rubber club. It was at the Bedford that Foote and Garrick constantly met; here the poet Collins proved himself to be an acceptable companion, and here the best jokes and *bons mots* uttered by Quin, Garrick and Foote echoed from box to box. The normal fate of the coffee-house was to become either a club, like White's and the Cocoa Tree, or an hotel like the Gloucester in Piccadilly (now the Berkeley) or the Bedford, still holding its own in the Piazza or Portico Walk, which dates from the seventeenth century.

Much interesting and amusing information will be found about the old coffee-houses in Christopher Brown's "Tavern Anecdotes," published in 1825, and still more in the "Epicure's Almanack for 1815," which seems to have been an annual publication, and is further described on the title-page as "a Directory to the Taverns, Coffee-houses, Inns, Eating-houses, and other Places of alimentary resort in the British Metropolis and its environs." In the year of Waterloo the Chapter Coffee House in the shadow of St. Paul's was still considered as "a repository of food for the mind, as well as of the body," and it was here "the magnificent and munificent booksellers of London held their conclave." We are informed that at Garraway's, "in addition to the ordinary customary coffee-house fare, there are delicate sandwiches always kept ready cut in the bar, which you may wash down with wine, or spirit and water, or, if you prefer it, with spruce beer or soda water." We are further told that at Garraway's "immense possessions in the West Indies are bought and sold, which neither the buyer nor seller ever saw. Sometimes an estate of £40,000 or £50,000 value is sold by auction by candle." Of the Grecian we learn that it is considered "a most excellent house, much frequented by Templars, students as well as barristers. Dinners of any compass or variety are daily sent hence to their chambers to order." The Hyde Park Coffee-house in Oxford Street is recommended as "commanding extensive views of Hyde Park and the hills of Surrey." The Bedford Coffee-house had already blossomed into the Bedford Coffee

House, Tavern and Hotel, under the superintendence of one Mr. White, "who discharges the duties of his station with honour to himself and satisfaction to his customers." Will's and Button's had vanished, but another Will's had arisen at the corner of Serle Street and Portugal Street. The Will's was not a coffee-house, but a tavern of the first class, "which dresses very desirable turtle and venison, and broaches many a pipe of mature port, double-voyaged Madeira, and princely claret." The same thing might be said of Hatchett's and the Gloucester in Piccadilly, the first of which, in spite of many transformations, retains its original name. The coffee-houses of our forefathers, which owed so much of their pristine prosperity to political exigency and the cordial support of the medical faculty, are practically dead. The ancient influence of the coffee-house is reflected in old plays like "Tango's Wiles or the Coffee-house," acted at the Duke of York's Theatre in 1668, and James Miller's "The Coffee-house," performed at Drury Lane three quarters of a century later. In 1721, when Garraway's, Button's, the Grecian and the Bedford were at the zenith of their fame, R. Bradley, F.R.S., published his "Virtue and Use of Coffee," possibly as an antidote to Dr. Duncan's "wholesome advice against the abuse of Hot Liquors, particularly of Coffee, Chocolate, Tea, Brandy and Strong Waters." This was a little hard on the votaries of "pure Mocha"; but the use of a *chasse* had possibly a good deal to do with the eventual fusion of the coffee-house with the tavern. Eighteenth century doctors, Fothergill at the head of them, swore lustily by the virtues of pure unadulterated coffee; and their opinion often finds an echo in the consulting-room of to-day. In 1774 John Ellis, Agent for the Island of Dominica, published an exhaustive treaty on the subject, in which he traced the history of "*Coffea Arabica*" from the earliest times. The inhabitants of the Ardennes are credited with a fondness for coffee as great as or greater than Johnson's traditional love of tea. No less than ten cups are often consumed by a guest after dinner, to each of which special names are given, such as *café, gloria, pousse-café, goulte, re-goulte, sur-goulte, vincette* and so forth. The infusion of brandy into the coffee begins with *gloria* and ends with the *coup d'étrier* or stirrup cup. This in a measure explains the comprehensiveness of Duncan's "Wholesome Advice." The trade-cards, billheads and signs of the early sellers of coffee are exceedingly interesting, but they scarcely belong to the rariora of the coffee-house. Two or three of the coffee-selling firms of the eighteenth century are still represented in the twentieth. A great part of the commerce of the Empire was still transacted in such places as Garraway's in 'Change Alley, the New York and Hamburgh Coffee-houses in Sweeting's Alley, the Jerusalem and East India Coffee-house in Cowper's Court, the Carolina and Honduras Coffee-house in Birchin Lane, the American and New England Coffee-house and the Antillean Coffee-house in Threadneedle Street, and the St. Paul's and Doctors' Commons Coffee-house in St. Paul's Churchyard, at the very moment William Cobbett was vainly exhorting his readers "to free themselves from the slavery of tea, coffee and other slop-kettle." A. M. BROADLEY.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

WHEN Mr. Andrew Lang died he was engaged in a very congenial task, namely, that of writing a book on the *Highways and Byways of the Border* (Macmillan). It has been continued by his brother John, and is now completed. The book is a thing apart in the famous series, as the expression of gifted and marked personality. It reveals those weaknesses which formed the strength of the author. Mr. Lang was intensely Scotch, and did not believe there was any border on the South side of the Tweed. The late Mr. Swinburne held exactly the opposite view. He saw that it was Scott who had cast the glamour of his own genius over Jed and Yarrow and Ettrick had clothed Jedwood and the Merse with a glory of romance and treated the ballads as though they belonged only to the Scottish Border. But to argument of this kind Mr. Andrew Lang would never listen. His attitude to England remains that of the goodwife at the Clachan of Aberfoyle, whose phrase, "thae English" expressed it in a nutshell. Even the Tweed, as dear to him as to the hero of his heart, Sir Walter, "The glittering and resolute streams of Tweed," as the old Cromwellian, Franck, called them, "are only dull and sleepy in the dubs where England provides their flat southern beach" (the italics are ours). Horses vary and tastes differ, and Mr. Andrew Lang came from the town of the Souters, and the beauty of Tweed at its mouth is not the same beauty it shows in its

higher reaches, but it certainly is not inferior. However, Berwick is one of those spots on the English Border to which he tried to do justice, though his acquaintance with it is simply that of a tourist. Even the old Border Bridge is accorded only a sentence of twenty words of appreciation. Flodden Hill attracts him more. He recounts the oft-told tale briefly and well, and adds a slight but most interesting personal reminiscence:

As a matter of plain history, this honourable defeat was to my country what as matter of legend, the rear-guard action of Roncesvaux has been to France. It was too late in literary times for an epic like the *Chanson de Roland*; the burden of the song was left for the author of *Marmion*. But Flodden, till my own boyhood, left its mark on Scottish memories. When any natural trouble befell us, people said, "There has been nothing like it since Flodden." My friend the late Lord Napier and Ettrick told me that when his father took him to Flodden in his boyhood, tears stood in the eyes of the senior.

And on this he founds a characteristic bit of moralisation:

This is the difference between us of the north, and you of the south. Along the Border line, my heart, so to speak, bleeds at Halidon and Homildon hills, where our men made a frontal attack, out-flanked on either hand by lines of English archers, and left heaps as high as a lance's length, of corpses on corpses (as at Dupplin); but an Englishman passes Bannockburn "more than usual calm," and no more rejoices on the scene of the victories of his ancestors, than he is conscious of their defeats. Pinkie is nothing to him, and a bitter regret to us! Dunbar to him means nothing; to us it means the lost chance which should have been a certainty, of annihilating Cromwell's force.

There is truth, but not all the truth in this. James led the flower of the Scottish nobility on the romantic adventure which ended at Flodden. Surrey opposed him with hastily raised levies—the English slain were nearly all common soldiers. Our main army was dealing with France and not Scotland. For the rest, the significant battles in the history of England were with France rather than Scotland.

Otterburne is another English place to which Mr. Lang does full justice. The great fight, its description by Froissant and in the ballads proved a great inspiration. But what is perhaps the best chapter in the volume is that dealing with Selkirk. Mr. John Lang tells us in his modest and excellent preface that at the time of his death his brother "had proceeded but a little way in this task which he and I began together." The long, intimate account of Selkirk is written in the first person, and probably the brothers had a fund of knowledge about it in common. At any rate, Mr. Andrew Lang might have produced this vignette of his boyhood even if the pen that wrote it was that of his brother:

By a steep red "scaur" below Linglie there once was a pool clearer than amber, across which in summer weather small boys, breathless but greatly daring, essayed to swim. Farther down, at the back of Lindean Flour Mill, was another, where in the long twilights of June,

" . . . trout beneath the blossom'd tree,
Plashed in the golden stream,"

and whence many a pounder and half-pounder was drawn by eager young fishers. Where is that seductive amber-clear water now? Alas! in these days it is of a sickly blue tint, smelling evilly; and the stones in its bed, that once were a clear, warm grey, with yellow boulders interspersed that flashed in the stream of a sunny day like burnished copper—they are slime-covered and loathsome, things to be shunned. Surely more can be done to check this pollution of our beautiful streams.

For the rest, he is sceptical about the traditionary legends, especially those relating to Flodden to which reference was made by Lord Rosebery on a recent and notable occasion and the one regarding the origin of the town's arms. But he thinks the famous song, "The Souters of Selkirk," may be as old as Flodden.

So many places there are on the Border which fascinate, by reason either of their romantic history or ballad literature, that we can show the charm of the book only by quoting brief reference to one or two of them. Concerning the scene of one of the most famous of hunting ballads, we are told:

It seems always to me that these old broken bridges—there are two in Yarrow—strike a note fittingly attuned to the dirge murmured by the water as it wanders through the vale, strikingly in keeping with its mournful traditions and with the inexplicable sadness that for ever broods here. This is the very heart of the Dowie Dens of Yarrow.

Here is an eloquent tribute to the Tweed:

We have reached the most beautiful part of Tweed, dominated by the triple crest of the pyramidal Eildons, where the river lovingly embraces the woods of Gladwood and Ravenswood, and the site of Old Melrose, a Celtic foundation of Aidan, while as yet the faith was preached by the Irish missionaries of St. Columba. This is the very garden of Tweed, a vast champaign, from which rise the Eildons, and far away above Rule Water "the stormy skirts of Ruberslaw," with the Lammermuir and Cheviot Hills blue and faint on the northern and southern horizons.

But we must stop; so many places connected with history and romance appeal to us that we might go on quoting for ever. One question the reader may very fairly ask is, how the book has been affected by the death of Mr. Andrew Lang. It is worse, and it is, in a sense, better. Mr. Lang, had he lived, would have made it a much more literary work. His almost unrivalled knowledge of Scottish history and literature would have found peculiar play in dealing with the country where every moss and moor bears the impress of stirring events. On the other hand, his brother has made a book that will be of far more use to the cultivated tourist. The latter will find in it not only a vast accumulation of local lore, but a sound and well informed guide to what is, perhaps, the most attractive country-side in Great Britain. Mr. Hugh Thomson, the artist, has also performed his part well. The portions suitable to illustration have been selected with very great judgment, and in those tiny pictures the very atmosphere of the landscape is often rendered with fidelity.

THE BIRD LIFE OF INDIA.

Glimpses of Indian Birds, by Douglas Dewar. (The Bodley Head.) INDIA is so rich in birds, both in numbers and in species, that it is a matter for some surprise that among the thousands of Anglo-Indian sportsmen there have been so (comparatively speaking) few field naturalists. A few years ago Mr. Cunningham's "Some Indian Friends and Acquaintances" gave us a delightful account of the birds and mammals familiar to most people in India; in the present volume Mr. Douglas Dewar describes in a series of sketches, which have appeared before in Indian journals, some of the commoner birds of the peninsula. The author, who is already well known as a writer on Indian natural history, is a keen and experienced observer, and he has a happy knack of presenting even the most familiar birds in an engagingly fresh aspect. It is a little to be

regretted that Mr. Dewar did not add a few notes for his English readers—how many people, for instance, know what a "jhil" is?—and it is a pity that he did not to some extent alter his rather flippant style, which, however well it may have been suited to the daily or weekly journals, somewhat detracts from the dignity of his book. But it is with his Olympian attitude with regard to Darwinism and the Theory of Natural Selection and the "Wallaceans," as he rather sneeringly calls them, that the reader will be inclined to quarrel. It is true enough that the extreme advocates of the theories of protective coloration have brought ridicule upon themselves, and even some discredit upon the theories, as, for instance, in the recent suggestion that crocodiles mistake the brilliant colours of the flamingo for a sunset; but the over-ridden steed is not necessarily dead, nor even useless, and the use of exaggerated expressions of condemnation is more calculated to damage his own cause than the others. Mr. Dewar would be less likely to irritate if he would follow his own advice, that "the only way to destroy the pernicious zoological theories . . . is to pile up the facts that tell against them. Similarly, theories that are true cannot be established satisfactorily except by the accumulation of facts." It is unreasonable to argue that "if protective colouring were as important to the welfare of birds as modern Darwinians assert, all the birds of the Polar regions would be white and not a single white species would be found in the temperate zones or in the Tropics." Not even the most bigoted Darwinian would contend that protective coloration is essential to all and every species, while the author himself in the chapter entitled "Birds in White" shows that most of the white birds in India are found feeding in the neighbourhood of water, where their colour is no drawback to them, but rather the reverse. When Mr. Dewar refrains from controversy and contents himself with describing the birds he knows so well, we find him as agreeable as he is instructive.

AN OBSERVER'S BOOK ON BIRDS.

Wild Birds Throughout the Year, by G. A. B. Dewar. (Herbert Jenkins.) NATURE has had much to complain of in the attitude of those who have hitherto approached her. She has been patronised by moralists, used by scientists to support all manner of conflicting theories, catalogued, labelled, distorted, misunderstood—but only of late years has she (generally speaking) been interpreted. That is a modern development. The modern mind has grown too supple for dogmatism and brings to nature an immense and adoring respect whose significance it cannot ever pretend to determine. Man no longer stands outside, a little condescendingly, with some ready-made solution to all the secrets of the universe, but watches and probes and waits and analyses in a sort of breathless humility. For it is only of late that he has become intellectually aware of the mystery of material things. Before, the universe was a comparatively simple affair worked on certain broad lines of changing seasons, nights and days. Then science, proud, formal, and inexperienced, made certain discoveries almost in spite of herself, which have left her humble ever since. Less and less dare she assert or deny or declare the impossibility of any marvel, in view of all the marvels, now commonplaces, she herself would have denied a century ago. But she has developed sympathies before undreamed of, and a new intimacy has arisen between man and nature which he studies with more and more kindly, curious eyes. Such a book as this of Mr. Dewar's, for instance, is a thing only possible at the present day. A book on birds would, not so very many years ago, have been a treatise—an unilluminated statement of things observed with no flickering fire of personality playing over it to give it colour and light. Here is a series of impressions delicate, sensitive, accurate, like finely rendered water-colours, though it is the facts that Mr. Dewar is concerned with, not the writing. Yet in the clear simplicity of his style he holds reflected, as in still water, the wonders he has so exquisitely observed. He has entered, without disturbing, the shy, secret, mysterious world which surrounds us for the most part unnoticed, and brings us back the record of his experiences there as a gift. The love he has for living things—for all the extravagant beauty of the world—has made an atmosphere about his work like the shimmering golden haze which stretches over broad-lying country on a hot June day. He is a guide to delicious regions which all who need a rest from the high street will do well to explore. For it is always of immense value to renew the sources of wonder and to see unnoticed daily things with new and astonished eyes.

FOR THE NURSERY.

Elves and Princesses, by Bernard Darwin. (Duckworth.)

THOSE who have read attentively Mr. Bernard Darwin's literary work in regard to golf will not be surprised to learn that he has written a charmingly imaginative book for children under the title of *Elves and Princesses*. He had already shown all the qualities that go to make a book of this sort—wit, fancy, versatility and sympathy. In addition he here reveals the possession of the rare faculty of being able to write just as one would talk to children. It is difficult to define this gift more exactly. It is not what is known as talking down or using baby language, but is nearer the art of the gossip or ancient story-teller. The style is digressive, but in the right way, so that the narrative never suffers from the apparent wandering from its main theme. The book is one that children will love.

NOVELS.

The Book of Anna, by Annie E. Holdsworth. (Hutchinson and Co.)

MRS. HOLDSWORTH is very unkind to her heroine; not until she has been deprived by death of father, mother, husband and lover is her cup considered full. Anna Penrose, the daughter of an uncongenial couple, is supposed to be a budding literary genius; the pair disagree over the child's training, the advisability of encouraging her to develop her talents, the question of her education. Mrs. Holdsworth's intention of showing a talented woman in the making is quite a good one, but her grip on her subject is weak. Anna, though badly belaboured by fortune, comes out of the process with none of the dignity of real tragedy; her sorrows do not strike a note of actuality nor does her contained attitude towards them. In fine, she impresses us as a puppet rather than as a woman. Still, underlying her story there remains a lingering suggestion that the author of "Joanna Traill, Spinster," has been at work here; and it is on that account that this novel makes a certain appeal to those who remember with appreciation the former book.

The Two Kisses, by Oliver Onions. (Methuen.)

MR. ONIONS has given us an interesting study of the life and works of a woman artist with a very fair *flair* for the spirit of the day and not a little genius for quite unconscious self-advertisement. Amory Towers, of the McGrath School of Art, has the root of the matter in her, but she is afflicted with the new Feminism in a virulent form. Fortunately for her, this finds an outlet in problem-picture painting; but doubtless, if she had been denied this gift of expression, had not been wrapped up in her work and had had a more robust physique, she would have taken to breaking windows and mobbing ministers. Mr. Onions tells of the kiss she gave to the Antinous, which she found it convenient afterwards to look upon as a sort of dedication to her art; and also of a kiss given to her at a boy and girl dance at the McGrath, which gave her a horror of masculinity. After the manner of her kind, she needed a mate, and found one in a very feminine creature named Cosimo Pratt. He, for his part, wanted her after she had become famous and therefore desirable. Dorothy Lennard, her friend, is a complete contrast. She is intensely "practical," and has ability, ideas and a very strong business instinct. She uses her beauty, social position and power of managing individual men to advantage. She is extremely feminine; femininity is her strong card, and she knows it. The contrast between the guile of Dorothy and the simplicity of Amory is a clever study; and one is made to feel that, after all, Dorothy is far the less selfish and the finer woman of the two. Needless to say, Mr. Onions' touch is equally sure whether he is dealing with the art coterie, "readers of the Clear-eyed Wiminger, Galton, Van Eeden and Pater," who discussed eugenics at parties in each other's studios; the frequenters of the select boarding-house, Gleneme, or Mr. Miller and others of the vast drapery business.

My Enemy Jones, by Robert Barr. (Eveleigh Nash.)

MR. ROBERT BARR describes his novel as an extravaganza. Told with inimitable humour, it is a thoroughly enjoyable affair throughout. There is not a dull moment in the book, which starts with a slight unpleasantness between the narrator and a certain stranger over their respective seats in a carriage in the Continental train at Victoria Station. That this unpleasantness should lead by devious ways to a duel and other equally unforeseen complications the pacific hero did not, in his haste, anticipate. When the clouds had ominously gathered together and trouble was in the wind, he began to look about him; and, incidentally, the plot thickened to such an extent that he could not see his way out of a situation promising interesting possibilities. These possibilities make up the story of Mr. Henry Jones, a series of amusing and interesting impressions of Bruges, Ghent, Lille and other stopping-places of this eccentric pair being interspersed with the action of the tale. Altogether a most entertaining piece of spontaneous fun.

Melutovna, by Hannah Berman. (Chapman and Hall.)

THIS is a well-written and extremely interesting novel dealing with the position of the Jew in Western Russia. Though there is a certain plot to the book, it is subservient to the author's intention to give a truthful picture of the conditions of life under which in the middle and late nineteenth century the Jews of the country-side existed. Zelda Levis is the wife of a certain Simson Levis, a Jew of ambitious leanings who has made for himself out of small beginnings a fortune in Melutovna. As a Jew of position and influence, Simson might have looked higher than the countrified Zelda for a wife, but for the fact that he has already been married and has divorced his wife Bassè for childlessness. The marriage with Zelda, a young woman of the people and of forceful character, is a happy one until those in authority make it their business to enquire into the fact of Simson having had a first wife, Bassè. Simson attempts to deny the previous marriage, and Bassè is persuaded to add her efforts to his by marrying a Jew of mysterious parentage, Daniel, in order to silence enquiry. This act leads to a tragedy, which ruins the lives of Bassè and Daniel, who have come to love each other. With simplicity and restraint the author recounts her story, enlisting the reader's sympathies for her characters while in no way exaggerating the harshness of their lot. A thoughtful and satisfactory study of racial prejudice.

The Irresistible Intruder, by William Caine. (The Bodley Head.)

THE hero of this novel is an old-fashioned personage, besides being an enthusiastic angler, a charming host and a born bungler. At one moment we wonder that Cecilia, his sister, put up with him; and, again, we can understand her patience with one so amenable to the dictates of a kindly heart and a tender conscience. The irresistible intruder is a human and lovable youth whom Cecilia, in an expansive moment, invited to Wispers for his holidays. There is a second intruder—irresistible, too—Joan Swift, a mysterious and fascinating widow with whom the lad has made acquaintance on his journey down to the home of brother and sister. Joan Swift has hardly been introduced to our hero before she begins to lay determined and tactical siege to his heart; but, when she has forced him to capitulate to her charms, in the hour of her triumph she proposes inconsequently to give him his liberty. This is not playing the game, and there is trouble, naturally; all, however, to be smoothed away by young Publius, whose timely intervention at a critical moment in the lives of the two principals ensures this leisured and charming romance the happy ending its hero well deserves.

The Twins in Ceylon and More About the Twins in Ceylon, by Bella Sidney Woolf. (Duckworth.)

IN a manner at once pleasant and discursive Miss Bella Sidney Woolf tells this slight tale for children. *The Twins in Ceylon* is the story of two fortunate youngsters who, after recovery from a nursery ailment, are shipped off to relatives abroad. Great is the joy and eager the anticipation of Valentine and Lalage Moore over the trip, and gently stimulating and wholesome Miss Woolf's manner of describing their adventures, which are of a sort that might happen to any child with average luck. That is the secret of the book's attraction, its quiet adherence to the normal. The second half of the volume, *More About the Twins in Ceylon*, has not altogether captured the simplicity of the first—the child reader seems less definitely in view—yet it will be hailed, no doubt, with keen expectation by those who already know the Twins. In this second part, among other distractions, Miss Woolf tells most picturesquely

the story of Buddha, and tells it to the level of a child's understanding as well as to that of a grown-up's appreciation.

Otherwise Phyllis, by Meredith Nicholson. (Constable.)

THIS is a Transatlantic novel of a go-ahead type. The first part of the book deals with some not very interesting characters, and so a false start is made; but later the story begins to move to a very modern tune. This is when the divorced wife of Tom Kirkwood returns to Montgomery, her home, after winning her freedom from Jack Holton, her second husband. Lois Holton has been lucky in speculation and has made a considerable fortune; she proposes to act the part of ministering angel, through her brother Amzi, in financing him in his effort to avert a bank failure in the town. It is a rôle hardly suited to her character, and is in keeping with the general air of extravagant development which discloses itself as the tale proceeds, a tale brimming over with incident, but flouting probabilities and ordinary good taste, and making no serious claim to attention. Abounding good spirits and enterprise animate this author, whose desire to keep the story going has overrun his discretion.

Madeleine At Her Mirror, by Marcelle Tinayre. (The Bodley Head.)

OF story there is none in this volume. Mme. Tinayre here gives us a series of impressions and reflections on various odd matters that have momentarily struck her fancy and roused her to slightly serious thought. Her style is so cultured and agreeable that we find ourselves following her in the same casual manner from musings on the relation and affinity between Mother and Son to Women at Sales, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, Pin Money and Women and Literature. Perhaps these reflections and impressions err occasionally on the side of the obvious, and are lacking in originality or more than trifling worth, a narrow line dividing them from dullness; yet here and there a more acute thought strikes upwards and betrays the true artist hidden beneath much that is banal and uninteresting.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

WILL IT AFFECT ENGLAND?

AT the present moment, when the various livestock officers are arranging their various committees to work the livestock scheme as issued by the Board of Agriculture, this scheme is undoubtedly modelled very much on similar lines to the Irish ones, and depends very much on its working to the various agricultural societies and their committees, which consist of the very men who should obtain some of the benefits of the various schemes. Will the following apply? A circular has been issued from the Department of Agriculture in Ireland as follows:

"SIR,—I have to state, for the information of your committee, that a question having arisen as to whether a member of a county committee is debarred from participating in the benefits resulting from county schemes, the Department considered it advisable to submit the matter for the opinion of their legal advisers. The Department are now advised that it is not lawful for a member of a committee appointed under the Act to derive directly or indirectly financial benefit from the operations of any scheme administered by the committee of which he is a member. That a member who has obtained any such benefit is *ipso facto* disqualified from continuing to act on the committee, and becomes liable to a substantial fine for each occasion on which he acts or votes on the committee subsequent to becoming disqualified, and further, that while a committee appointed under the Act may consist partly of members of the appointing council and partly of other persons, the responsibilities and liabilities of each class of member are identical, save that a member of the committee who is also a member of the appointing body is, in addition to the penalties above mentioned, liable for a period of seven years to be disqualified for being elected a member of any council or board. As a committee represents the body by which it was appointed, it follows that any member of the appointing body, although not a member of the committee in question, cannot legally obtain any financial benefit from a scheme administered by such committee."

Now this circular is certainly more than an eye-opener, and English farmers should refuse to go on any committees for the administration of the English Board of Agriculture's Live Stock Scheme until they receive an assurance that their position is not on a parallel with that of the Irish committeeman under the Irish Board of Agriculture's scheme. I would particularly emphasise the fact that he must not benefit either directly or indirectly. Now supposing a farmers' club accepted a grant for a stallion, not one of the committee of management, consisting as it practically does of the best men in that club, would be allowed to send a mare for service to that stallion, and, furthermore, it is doubtful now whether a member of the agricultural committee of any county council can accept a bag of manure from the agricultural instructor of that county council to carry out experiments. Neither could such member send a sample of purchased feeding stuffs or fertilisers to the county chemist for analysis at a reduced fee. It is a most interesting situation that this latest circular of the Irish Department of Agriculture has created. In the meantime in England we naturally desire to know where we are.

ELDRED WALKER.

THE SEARCH FOR CHEAPNESS.

SINCE the publication of a criticism on the Merrow Cottage in last week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE, its author, Mr. Arnold Mitchell, has written to the Editor as follows :

I wonder whether you would care to reproduce the photograph of my standard cottage, costing £110, which has recently been built at Merrow, in response to Mr. St. Loe Strachey's challenge, and built also in many other places at or around the same figure. The cottage is thoroughly well built of brick and tile, complies with all the ordinary reasonable building bye-laws. Can be built by six men in six weeks—is adaptable to almost any locality provided that there is a water supply—contains an excellent fifteen-foot living room, wash-house, larder, coal store, etc., and three good bedrooms, one of which is upon the ground floor, and is, therefore, convertible into a small parlour where a family is small or where two bedrooms suffice. The walls are of brick-work, cemented externally and built hollow at their base. In very exposed positions the hollow space can be continued the whole height of wall. In a stone district stone may be, and has been, employed without extra cost. The roof is of Yorkshire tiles, but slates will serve if cheaper in the locality, or, where picturesque appearance is desired, there is no reason beyond the added cost why reed thatch should not be used. The cottages can be built singly, in pairs—pairs perhaps looking best—or in rows. In half a dozen different counties the cost has come out within 10 per cent. of £110. It can be built by village labour, as there is nothing technical nor highly skilled. Plans and working drawings can be got from Messrs. Cubitt of 258, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

Mr. Mitchell's photograph (now reproduced) of the cottage seen through trees is pretty enough; but prettiness does not compensate for lack of adequate accommodation and equipment. His letter does not deal with any of the criticisms made last week, or with the unfavourable opinion then given on the cottage as a solution of the housing problem in country districts. The main point then made was that the cost of £110 was arrived at by cutting down the sizes of the rooms unduly. The Merrow Cottage was compared with what is known as the Letchworth standard, which may be regarded as the irreducible minimum as far as the floor areas and cubic contents of the rooms are concerned. If, however, the cottage in these respects be compared with the minimum laid down in the recent Report of the Departmental Committee on the Equipment of Small Holdings appointed by the President of the Board of Agriculture, the verdict must be even more unfavourable. The Committee dealt with two types of cottage, one without a parlour for the humblest sort of small-holder, and one with a parlour for people

in a better position. The latter need not be considered. The accompanying table shows in parallel columns the floor areas and cubic contents of the Merrow cottage and the smallest cottage recommended by the Committee.

	Mr. Mitchell's Cottage at Merrow.		Minimum accommodation recommended by Small Holdings Committee.	
	Superficial area.	Cubic content.	Superficial area.	Cubic content.
Living-room	135	1,112	180	1,440
Scullery	56	448	80	640
Larder	8	64	24	192
Bedroom—1	125	832	150	1,200
Do. 2	77	550	100	800
Do. 3	67	530	65	520
Total	468	3,536	599	4,792

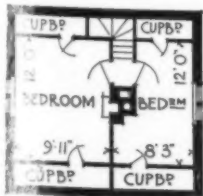
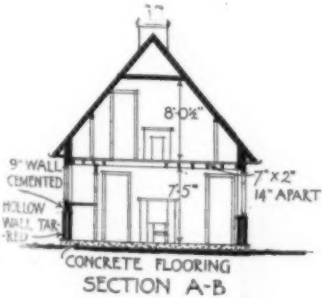


MR. MITCHELL'S MERROW COTTAGE.

It will be seen that the Merrow cottage, judged by this standard, is 131 square feet (in floor area) and 1,256 cubic feet (in air space) short of what the committee regarded as essential.

Another important point not discussed last week remains to be considered. It was stated in the *Spectator* of October 18th that the design of the cottage has been copyrighted, that minutely detailed plans and the fullest specification of the Merrow cottage are being prepared and will be supplied for a guinea, and that a royalty of one guinea per cottage will be charged on every cottage built from the plans. It is necessary to make a protest against the idea that there is any copyright whatever in the design. Reference to the Copyright Act of 1911 shows that it makes provision for copyright in every original artistic work. It would appear, therefore, that the claim is made that the design of the Merrow cottage is original, and it can only be assumed that Mr. Mitchell is unaware of what was done at the Letchworth Cottage Exhibition of 1905, the idea of which was originated by Mr. St. Loe Strachey. At this exhibition the first prize for a weather-boarded cottage

was awarded to Mr. F. W. Troup, and his plans and sections of the cottage were, for all practical purposes, identical with those used for the Merrow cottage. Architectural copyright rests not on materials, but on design, and for copyright purposes therefore it is a matter of indifference whether the cottage was built of timber-framing covered with weather-boarding, or of brick, as Mr. Arnold Mitchell has done. In any event, however, it is the case that Mr. Troup's design was carried out in 1905 in the New Forest, built in steel lathing and rough-cast cement, and also in brick at Lingfield in 1906. It was not until 1911 that copyright was extended to architectural design, and it was never contemplated that its protection would be invoked for designs that were common property before the Act was passed.

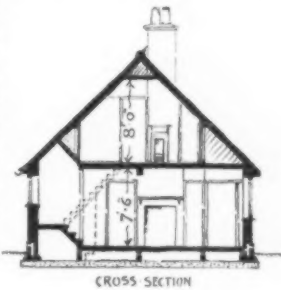


FIRST FLOOR PLAN

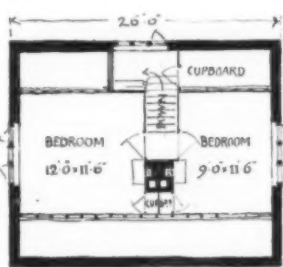


GROUND FLOOR PLAN

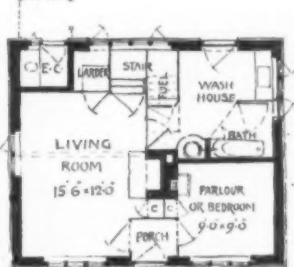
MR. ARNOLD MITCHELL'S COTTAGE, 1913.



CROSS SECTION



ATTICS



GROUND FLOOR

MR. F. W. TROUP'S COTTAGE, 1906.

The plans of Mr. Troup now reproduced show the 1906 brick cottage at Lingfield. They can readily be compared with Mr. Mitchell's printed alongside. The only differences between the Lingfield and Merrow cottages are as follows: The Lingfield cottage is larger, its small internal porch was provided by Mr. Troup to prevent a direct draught on the living-room fireplace, a bath was given in the washhouse and a fireplace in the second bedroom upstairs, and the small, angular spaces provided by the slope of the roof were only utilised for cupboards in one instance—where the space could have a door to the head of the stairs. Mr. Troup doubtless felt what was said in COUNTRY LIFE last week, namely, that the Merrow cottage cupboards were practically useless owing to their inaccessibility. The Merrow cottage may therefore be regarded as a stunted copy of Mr. Troup's, whose sizes of rooms are roughly those recommended by the Small Holdings Committee. Even the method of roof construction, specially mentioned in the *Times*' description of the Merrow cottage, appeared originally in Mr. Troup's design.

The total cubic content of the Lingfield cottage works out at 8,385 cubic feet as compared with 5,315 cubic feet of the Merrow cottage. Mr. Troup's prize cottage at Letchworth cost £150. The Lingfield cottage is a size larger, and cost £199, which works out at 5½d. per cubic foot, as compared with a shade under 5d. for the Merrow cottage. The extra three farthings are fully accounted for by the superior construction and equipment of the Lingfield cottage. Included in the £199 were a water supply, three taps, bath, wooden floor to the living-room, ceiling to all the ground-floor rooms, a good 3ft. range and a dresser in the kitchen, and the extra bedroom fireplace. It is to be hoped that landowners will not feel that they have fulfilled all their responsibilities if they build cottages like the £110 example of Merrow. Any attempt to popularise a standard of accommodation so markedly below that recommended by the Small Holdings Committee is greatly to be deplored, more especially as that standard is accepted by practically everyone who is concerned with stamping out rural squalor. LAWRENCE WEAVER.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

ON BATS.

THERE are few groups of animals which have more exercised the imagination of mankind than have bats; all manner of strange superstitions have grown up about them—they have been credited with thefts of meat and bacon, and the horrible habits of the blood-sucking vampire are familiar to most people. At the same time, there are few animals of which less is known; their habits of reproduction are not yet completely understood, and the periods of gestation of different species appear to vary considerably. Zoologists are still at variance with regard to the origin of bats, some considering that they are a specialised group of insectivora, while others maintain that they were derived from the lemurs, the lowest group of the primates. Bats are the only animals which are endowed with the power of true flight, and one would be inclined to suppose that on this account their distribution in any given country would be generally wide. But it is by no means the case, for even in a small country like Great Britain the distributions of the different bats are often unaccountably local. Moreover, they thin out in numbers very rapidly from east to west; thus, whereas in Normandy there are fifteen species, in England there are twelve, and in Ireland there are only seven. It is not generally known that most, if not all, of our British bats have a habit of regular migrations. In the spring they leave their winter quarters in the caves and buildings where they have found warmth during the winter, and move to holes in hollow trees, sheds and outhouses, and other more airy situations. It has been asserted by some people that there are regular migrations of bats across the sea, but this is not definitely known, although occasionally bats have been caught at lighthouses.

Mr. H. A. Macpherson once witnessed an undoubted migration of the *Barbastelle*, a British species, across one of the passes of the Pyrenees, but it cannot be supposed that any of those came from our islands. In North America there are regular migrations of bats, and in Manitoba it is said that of six species all migrate and all hibernate; one of these, the hoary bat, has been known to cross from the Continent to the Bermudas, a distance of over six hundred miles. The remarkable habit of hibernation is as yet but little understood. It is maintained that



LONG-WATTLED UMBRELLA BIRD FROM WESTERN ECUADOR (*Cephalopterus penduliger*). (From a specimen in the Natural History Museum.)

the animal's temperature falls to within a few degrees of that of the surrounding air, and that more oxygen is absorbed than can be accounted for by the carbonic acid given out, so that the animal actually gains in weight during its winter sleep. It is also stated that the creature stores food internally, and that it wakes up for a meal at intervals. But actually we know very little of these phenomena, and it would appear that bats offer a very promising field for naturalists who have time and opportunity to devote to these questions. W.

AN UMBRELLA BIRD.

One of the most successful amateur collectors of live animals and birds is undoubtedly Mr. Walter Goodfellow, whose name is no doubt familiar to our readers as leader of the first expedition sent to explore the Snow Mountains in Dutch New Guinea by the British Ornithologists' Union. During his various visits to New Guinea he has from time to time captured and brought to England numbers of living birds of Paradise, etc., many of them being species which no one else has succeeded in procuring alive. Mr. Goodfellow has now gone to Ecuador, where he hopes to procure living examples of various interesting species, more especially the remarkable umbrella birds, known scientifically as *Cephalopterus ornatus* and *C. penduliger*, and the rich orange and scarlet cocks-of-the-rock, *Rupicola peruviana* and *R. sanguinolenta*; likewise various tanagers, finches of brilliant plumage, and certain of the more hardy humming birds found on the higher slopes of the Andes. We are not aware that umbrella birds have ever been imported alive to Europe, but they are strong, hardy birds, nearly related to the bell-birds and other chatters, which all

belong to the great fruit-eating family, Cotingidae, confined to Tropical America. They are nearly as large as a jackdaw, and the general colour of their plumage is black with some metallic reflections; they are, however, adorned with a remarkable spreading crest and carry an extraordinarily densely feathered and pendulous throat-wattle, which can be contracted or lengthened at will. In one species, *C. ornatus*, the wattle is six inches or less in length, while in *C. penduliger* it sometimes attains a length of thirteen inches. O. G.



W. S. Berridge.

THE GREAT ANT-EATER (*Myrmecophaga jubata*).

Copyright.

THE GREAT ANT-EATER.

A gap has been filled in the Zoological Gardens by the arrival from South America of a great ant-eater (*Myrmecophaga jubata*), which is at present housed in the lemur cages, on the north bank. This species is the largest of all the ant-eaters, and attains to a length of about eight feet, of which the enormous and bushy tail accounts for nearly one-half. When the animal retires to rest the tail serves as a blanket, being thrown over its head, body and tucked-up legs, so as to completely cover them up. Although this ant-eater is usually of an inoffensive disposition, yet, should it be necessary to act on the defensive, it is able to render a good account of itself by making use of the powerful claws of its fore feet. These claws also serve to tear open the nests of termites, the inmates of which serve as its food, the insects being rapidly licked up by the ant-eater's long, whip-like and sticky tongue, as they rush forth to investigate the cause of their disturbance. B.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE CALL OF THE WAPITI.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have seen some letters in your paper about the call of the Asiatic wapiti. I made a trip to the Tiau Shan some years ago, and send you the following extracts from my journal, showing that my idea of it, like that of most who know it, is very far from that of a roar. I am well acquainted with a Scottish deer forest, and there is no resemblance to the call of the red deer in that of the wapiti. I was some days on my ground before what the men called the preliminary calls began.

September 16th.—I heard the first; not distant but "a faint whine or cry, part a whistle, but nowhere a roar," "a faint melancholy sigh, a very small sound." The men said this was not a real call, though several times repeated.

September 18th.—Heard a call in the afternoon.

September 19th.—Had only reached the first spy-point, when from the ridge opposite, 1,000yds. off, came the "clear, high-pitched, long-drawn-out note" of a wapiti, "so clear that I thought the hunter, 40yds. away beyond the ridge, was calling on the rifle." The next call "ended in a deeper note, which made the men say 'chong bong' (big stag) in great delight." Again, "the call, now close ahead, ended in a deeper metallic, thrilling cough that almost approached a roar."

September 20th.—Heard several stags; followed one, which called frequently—"loud and metallic," "so loud, high and metallic, and ended in such a series of half neighs, half snorts," "unexpectedly loud and fierce"; "another strong metallic call, ending in short snorts, angrily."

September 21st.—Bad day; heard nothing.

September 22nd.—A stag called "pretty regularly, ending with regular short neighs, rather than with snorts or coughs." He winded us. "A snort, different to the usual," "a final snort or jeer." Later stalked another; "the wapitis' chuckling neigh, almost a squeal sometimes," coming from opposite and within 300yds.

September 23rd.—Heard one stag.

September 24th (early).—We called over the steep edge of a deep glen and got an "instantaneous response, so sudden and so loud it set us all a-tremble."

September 25th.—Heard nothing.

September 26th.—Stalked a stag; his "curious neigh," "a loud neigh" from within 40yds.; "the neigh was ahead"; heard him "neigh twice more."

September 27th.—Heard only one distant stag.

September 28th.—March off.

My impression thus is of considerable difference in different voices, and in the calls of the same individuals: A scream, a squeal, a cough, a snort, a neigh, a chuckle and a whistle are all suitable epithets to particular calls; but loud and thrilling though the near call often is, the term "roar" is very seldom, if ever, applicable to it. It was often melodious; nearer, it was often very harsh. I have seen many references in print to the fast approaching extinction of the Asiatic wapiti. It was not my impression that he was being wiped out as fast as all that. There appeared to be many remote glens in which little or no native hunting went on during the rutting season, while even in the forest ground surrounded by population I found a good many deer still, though not so many as the people had promised me; and on the Russian side there is some sort of protection.—G.

SQUIRRELS AND BIRDS' NESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to the query of your correspondent who asks whether squirrels have been observed in the act of robbing birds' nests, I can certify to the misdeeds of one nest-robbing squirrel. The squirrel I observed eating out of sparrows' nests was either a "bold bad" squirrel or else he was "doing after his kind," nothing to be ashamed of. About four feet from where I stood and slightly above my head, with the excited sparrows fluttering and chattering their horror about him, he systematically worked through the ivy of a house wall from one ragged clump of dried grasses and straw to another. His visits to the first couple of nests were brief. At the third sparrow-home he seemed to be in difficulties. Working energetically, he tore his way through the top, and at once sat up unashamed before me, eating out of his paws something looking a greyish red. After a dip into the same nest he reappeared, feeding as before. Two or three other strollers had joined me by this time. We all saw him try a nest and sit up watching us while he ate what was plain to view—a callow chick. Spontaneous indignation filled the onlookers at this sight, and the raider was pelted with mould from the flower-bed; he scrambled along a string-course, down a buttress, across a piece of lawn and up a tree. I do not know whether there were eggs in any of the nests in this patch of ivy, but he was certainly not eating eggs. I may mention that the squirrel in question was a semi-domesticated animal, being one of a family of young squirrels taken from their drey before their eyes were opened and suckled by a cat who had been deprived of her kittens for this purpose. These young squirrels when full grown were set free in the garden, from which they roamed into the woods and back at will. This will account for the exceptional boldness of this squirrel in allowing us to approach him so closely.—W. MACMAHON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ECONOMY AND TASTE IN COTTAGE BUILDING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I will give you my own experience of building cottages for country labourers. On my estate there are different types of cottage—brick, more or less ornamental; stone, concrete, double wood, cobb or mud; ground floor brick, or stone, or wood, brick and flint. Of all these I consider concrete cottages are the worst—hot in summer, cold in winter, and it is impossible for the inhabitants to knock in a nail to hang up a shelf or a picture. Brick and flint mixed are damp. Ground floor cottages of any material are not desirable, except on a very dry soil. A double wall wooden cottage interlined with felt is not a bad cottage on a dry spot and sheltered and open to the sun. A very good cottage is the old cobb or mud one. I have some concrete cottages alongside two mud ones, and the latter are infinitely preferred, but the art of making them has nearly, or quite, died out. There can be no doubt that the best cottage of all is of brick with hollow walls and a slated roof, unless stone is on the spot and available. The art of thatching is passing away; the young men will not learn it. When I build a cottage I endeavour to give one quarter of an acre of garden with it, and no allotment; but, of course, in an old village a garden may not be possible, and an eighth of an acre of allotment is sufficient. I always give three bedrooms to a cottage, of which two have fire-places. The great difficulty as to cottage building is that small landowners with large families cannot afford to build cottages. They should be helped by the State. The cost of a cottage of course, varies according to locality. It is a mistake to increase the size of villages. If more cottages are wanted let them be built on outlying farms, but they should be kept in the landowner's hands. A certain number must, of course, be in the control of the tenant-farmer—but not too many—and in outlying places it is best to build a double cottage, sometimes even three together. I will say nothing about the appearance of a cottage—tastes differ so much.—F. H. MAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It would be a national misfortune if the question of rural housing, which is one both of urgency and of great complexity, were allowed to be abused by party politicians for their own personal and political ends. The executive committee of the County Councils Association, a purely non-political body, composed of representative men personally experienced in the conditions of rural life, will, I hope, next Wednesday, at their meeting, refer to a committee

to consider and report upon how County Councils can best take action with a view to improving the conditions of housing within their areas. The object to be aimed at is to have cottages erected where required and to compel owners of bad and insanitary cottages to have them improved. Whether the erection of new cottages should fall upon the ratepayer or the general taxpayer I have not at present space to discuss; but, in any case, nothing should be done to check private enterprise, and where it can be shown that the scarcity of cottages is due to the fact that an owner of an estate does not provide adequate accommodation for the labour to work his farms, he, and not the community, should be penalised—and heavily penalised too. As to compelling owners to improve their cottages, such owners can best be brought to book by the reasonable and stringent enforcement by an authority independent of local jobbery or personal considerations, of proper sanitary requirements, and of the power to close any cottages that are bad, so depriving such owners of any proprietary benefit therefrom. I entirely sympathise with you as to the evils of jerry-built cottages, whether built by jerry-builders for profit or by amiable philanthropists, and I hope you may arouse public opinion to stimulate respect for the charm of our country villages. It is, however, difficult to deal by legislation with the aesthetic objection, for surely, if bungalow erections offend the beauty of the landscape, so do very many of the pretentious palaces of the plutocrat, unless restrained by the advice of competent architects. On the other hand, cheap and nasty erections are not only a disfigurement to the landscape, but they cannot last, and must entail, within a very short time, grave insanitary evils. I have for several years past been building a certain number of cottages, and I have no doubt many other landowners are doing the same. They could not, in my humble opinion, be performing a more useful national service.—PORTSMOUTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Please let me thank you for your articles in COUNTRY LIFE on Cottage Building. I am very glad that you are emphasising the importance of keeping up the standard both of size and design. To build houses cramped in size, uncomfortable in plan, at however little cost, is no real solution. Many elements in the problem are difficult and uncertain, but a minimum standard size and comfort to accommodate a family life is fairly well defined, and to go below this is to fail utterly. In connection with the proposed building in rural districts, if our villages are not to be ruined, special attention should be paid to the placing of the cottages, and some simple plan laid down for the development of the village before the building operations begin. If we build good houses, well

placed, mistakes in economics that we may make may be rectified; but if we build poor houses, badly placed, I fear the damage will not be compensated for even by economic rents.—RAYMOND UNWIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You have raised a very important question; but it is difficult to judge quite fairly from the photograph you enclosed. The Emmanuel College Cottages are obviously too high and barrack-like, and the lower windows are too small; but when the windows are finished and a porch is added to the door (the door of every cottage should be protected by a porch), life will at all events be pleasanter in the Emmanuel cottage than in the hundred-and-ten-pound cottage. The mistake was to have pulled down the old building. But cottage architects must not aim at prettiness. I am sure that you will agree that beauty in buildings depends on the wise adaptation of means to ends, with good work and good material, more than on anything else, and the chief aim ought to be to build cottages that will last, and in which people can live healthily and happily. The battlements of an old castle reflected in a moat can be perfectly beautiful, because the work was good; but the moat was not made, nor one battlement built, to look pretty. The architect had more important objects in view. Even a galvanised iron roof, well put together and painted red, would not be ugly if it served its purpose; only it does not. In summer the heat of the sun passes through it; in winter, the warmth of the building passes out. A sheet of metal, too, does not allow that slow, insensible ventilation of a house which goes on through both roof and walls of porous material (plaster, tiles, brick, stone and wood), and which is necessary for health. Mr. St. Loe Strachey's cottage seems simpler and better than the cheaper one, but it cannot be the last word. A black cottage could never be a pleasant thing to look at—a gigantic hearse. Man (like Nature) avoids black, except when the blackness emphasises good outline, as in a Venetian gondola or a Wedgwood vase. A black wall, even in a sunny climate, would never do.—F. DAWTREY DREWITT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I quite agree with you that an effort should be made to render the cottages in our towns more picturesque. I have been told—I do not know whether it is true—that in some parts of the Continent no one is allowed to erect more than three dwellings with the same elevation. I think something of this kind would tend to relieve the monotony of the architecture of our towns.—W. L. INGLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some little time ago you asked my opinion about the agitation you are raising against the construction of cheap and ugly cottages. The rural housing problem is an extremely difficult one, and there is no doubt that from the æsthetic point of view a pretty cottage is eminently desirable, and although I am bitterly opposed to vandalism such as you describe in the case of the Emmanuel cottages, yet, where every penny is a consideration, the need of more housing accommodation must necessarily take first place. There is no reason, however, why an appallingly ugly building should be erected if for the same money a plain but respectable home could be built. I think you are doing good work in drawing attention to this.—LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD, Member for Aylesbury.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is with considerable interest that I have been following the correspondence and articles that have appeared in your excellent paper about the rural housing question, and it is my humble opinion that the existing bye-laws which hamper building in many places will have to be revised, especially where they prohibit half-timber work and thatch; it may be necessary to do so in towns on account of the danger from fire, but I do not think that there is this danger in the country—one has only to look at the hundreds of old buildings in our villages to realise the truth of this statement. I think the chief argument in favour of thatch as a roofing material for cottages is that it keeps the rooms warmer in winter and cooler in summer; this is especially noticeable in the smaller cottages where the bedrooms are mostly in the roof. Then there is the question of the height of ceilings; surely 7ft. 3in. or 7ft. 6in. is high enough in the pure air of the country, for it is a well-known fact that people living in cottages with ceilings even lower than this attain a much greater age than those living in towns in rooms with ceilings never less than 8ft. I should think this is a good enough argument for reconsidering this question, especially when we consider the great saving in cost it would mean, or if it were thrown into extra floor-space I am sure those with a large family would appreciate it more. I have come to the conclusion, after studying the plans of cottages now being published in yours and many building papers, that architects would do well to study simplicity when designing this class of building, and not try to clothe in a cottage exterior the "desirable modern villa of our towns"! I think the chief fault in Mr. A. Mitchell's £110 cottage is the kitchen fireplace, for it is evident that the family would not be able to sit round it in the evenings on account of its draughty position, and for the same reason it would be very bad for cooking in the daytime, especially as the doors would be more likely to be open. In spite of all that is written about the

impossibility of building cheap cottages, I am convinced that it can be done and that they can be built artistically at the same time.—PERCY G. PHILLIPS

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The particularly disgraceful instance of vandalism to which Mr. Robert Halls calls our attention in your issue of October 4th, involving the wanton destruction by Emmanuel College of a beautiful sixteenth century cottage and the erection in its place of a building of truly appalling ugliness, must remind us all of the absolute necessity for State intervention for the protection of our ancient buildings. Much excellent work has been done by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, who are always ready, when called upon, to give the best advice to those who have such buildings to deal with; but it is evident that their efforts must have powerful support. While we may reasonably have some scruples about placing legal obstacles in the way of the poor man who may be compelled to realise on his works of art, though perhaps to the loss of the nation, no one can possibly have any objection to placing under restraint those who actually spend money on wanton destruction of beautiful buildings and erect in their place vile and hideous structures. If one can invoke the protection of the law against the inflictions of the itinerant barrel-organ, which, after all, is but transitory torture to one's ear, it is surely of far greater importance that we should be protected against such permanent offence to the vision, eyesores that violate every canon of architecture and corrupt and vitiate public taste. Though I have always advocated the establishment of some advisory board to which designs for new buildings should be submitted for approval before they can be carried into effect, I think that a case like this, where those to whom, as you say, we look for guidance, set so pitiable an example, proves that nothing short of intervention by the State can adequately protect our ancient buildings. I think we must all be very grateful to Mr. Halls and *COUNTRY LIFE* for exposing this particularly blatant case, for it is the smallest, but no less interesting, examples of ancient domestic architecture that the vandals think he may play havoc with without fear of exposure, and they are, therefore, in greater need of protection. I do not think that Emmanuel can afford to let the matter rest where it is. For the sake of their good name they cannot leave this blot on the country-side, a lasting reproach to their standard of taste and learning.—GUY FRANCIS LAKING, Keeper of the King's Armoury.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I write to express my general agreement with your views on this subject. There is much to be said on sanitary grounds for the timber and brick cottages with thatched roof.—E. A. MANCHESTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am in entire agreement with your admirable leader, which is certain to create a practical interest in the matter. The comparison between the two illustrations is sufficient. Confiscation of the power to perpetrate such an abortion on the community would not be too drastic, and the more so when one realises that the guilty party is a well-known Cambridge College. One does not associate such acts of vandalism with our world-famed Colleges, but we live and learn. There should not be much difficulty, considering the numbers of well-known architects who are specialising on this subject, in getting types and designs of cottages which will harmonise with their respective surroundings. I wish you every success in your worthy efforts.—C. C. CARTWRIGHT, Chairman of Hendon Urban District Council.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am glad that you have drawn attention to the ugliness of the cottages built by Emmanuel College, Cambridge; people belonging to Cambridge ought to feel the beauty of the ancient buildings there. All of us have an interest in preserving the abounding charm of our rural scenes; and especially as the builders can now study the picturesque in the pleasant abodes erected at Letchworth and by the co-partnership tenants at Hampstead and Ealing. I entirely agree with you in your denouncing the erection of "brick boxes with slate lids" instead of roomy, healthy and comfortable dwellings for our labouring classes to live in and rear their children in.—JOHN JARDINE, Member for Roxburghshire.

A VETERAN AMONG PIGEONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of August 1st, 1908, you published a photograph of an old pigeon of mine. I thought it might interest your readers to know that the bird died last Monday, having been in my possession more than twenty-three years. The sheen on his neck and wings last summer was wonderful, but he evidently died from not having sufficient strength to moult, as his head was covered with small spines like a hedgehog, which were the new feathers covered with skin. I should much like to hear of a domestic pigeon known to be older than this one.—LEONARD MORGAN MAY.

A PET CONDOR.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a snapshot of a Chilean condor basking in the sun. It was taken from its nest when quite small. My friends have it at their farm, and it is quite a pet. They keep it chained up. It is enormous in size.—F. H., Chile.



QUEENIE, THE CONDOR, BASKING IN THE SUN.

THE WATER-RAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enclosed is a photograph which you may find of sufficient interest for publication. It is of a water-rat, a subject by no means easy to approach,

woodpecker's nesting-hole in a tall fir tree. One day I saw her leave the nest and fly away. Presently a squirrel clambered up the tree. He had just reached the hole in the trunk when the starling, reappearing in hot haste, attacked the squirrel, who instantly scrambled down the tree—dodging from side to side of the



ONE OF THE SHYEST OF OUR WILD CREATURES.

for at the slightest alarm the little animals dive suddenly from view. However, after much patient stalking, I managed to get behind the trunk of a large tree unobserved and within range. Then inch by inch the camera was moved from behind the tree and a snapshot taken. At the noise of the shutter the little creature dived from view with amazing rapidity.—WILLIAM C. WATERMAN.

THE FRUITS OF THE STRAWBERRY TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers could tell me of any use to be made of arbutus berries? When I was a child we used to eat them and considered them very good if quite ripe. Even now they do not seem unpalatable, and look as though they might make quite good jam if it would be wholesome. I shall be most grateful for any information on the subject.—M. WHITBY.

[The fruits of the strawberry tree, although occasionally eaten, are dry and somewhat flavourless. We are not aware of them ever being considered worthy of making into jams or preserves, although there seems no reason why they should not be so used, that is, if they can be obtained in sufficient quantity. There is an interesting but not very encouraging reference to the uses of these fruits in Parkinson's "Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terrestris": "And Clusius likewise setteth downe, that at Lishbone, and other places in Portingall where they are frequent, they are chiefly eaten but of the poorer sort, women and boyes. They are somewhat astrigent or binding and therefore may well serve for fluxes. It is chiefly noursed with us for the beauty and rarenesse of the tree; for that it beareth his leaves alwayes green." Whatever may be said of the quality of the fruit, this tree is unquestionably one of the most beautiful evergreens in cultivation. It flowers at this season while the red strawberry-like fruits still hang upon the trees. The fruits take about fourteen months to mature, and as they naturally ripen in winter, it is only in mild parts of this country that they reach maturity. It is a native of Western Ireland and Southern Europe. Its botanical name is *Arbutus Unedo*, and the derivation is interesting, *i.e.*, *Arbutus*, from "*arbores*," Celtic for austere bush, in allusion to the austere quality of the fruit. The specific name, *Unedo*, is a contraction of *Unum edo*: "*Unum*," one; "*edo*," I eat, *i.e.*, one is sufficient at a time.—Ed.]

A CARPET OF GOSSAMER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The waves in the enclosed picture are not water, as one might imagine. They were caused by thousands of tiny spiders, which had taken possession of the field. They wove an immense cobweb, which glistened in the sunlight and undulated in the wind. At the edge of the grass the gossamer formed a curtain, floating out and appearing extraordinarily like waves breaking on the seashore.—LUCY A. MASON.

SQUIRRELS AND BIRDS' EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—"Lancashire" asks for proof that squirrels eat birds' eggs. Though I have never caught a squirrel red-handed, I can produce what may, perhaps, be regarded as circumstantial evidence of their guilt. In one instance it was one of our native red squirrels that behaved suspiciously. A starling one spring had appropriated a

trunk to escape the infuriated starling—and, reaching the ground, bolted at his best speed, pursued by the bird. That starling, at all events, seemed to have no doubts about the squirrel's character. Twice or three times (once in Kew Gardens and on the other occasions in Richmond Park) I have seen one of the grey American squirrels emerge from a woodpecker's nesting-hole. In one case at least I had, not long before, seen a great spotted woodpecker enter the hole.—J. R. H.

TO GET RID OF FLIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be grateful if you or any readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* can suggest a cure for a plague of flies. The circumstances are: A country house was added to in 1904. Before the additions were made there was no special trouble with flies; but since about two years after, and every year including this, flies have simply swarmed in all the new rooms which face south-west, and they always appear about the last week in September—not earlier—and continue until the cold weather sets in. Can it be caused by anything in the mortar or the paint? We are at our wits' end to know its cause and cure.—R. E.

[In the autumn flies seek the warmth of houses, and they naturally choose those rooms which receive the greatest amount of sunlight. In another instance almost precisely similar to that mentioned by our correspondent the rooms were sealed up and sulphur burnt in them, after which a large basket was filled with flies swept from the floor. At the same time a chicken-house, which stood within about thirty yards of the house, was removed to a distance of a hundred yards, and during the last two years there has been no recurrence of the nuisance. It was noticed at the time that the number of flies was much greater in the rooms papered with light-coloured than in those with dark-coloured wall-papers.—Ed.]



NOT RIPPLING WATER BUT SPIDER'S WEBS.

A CLEVER SWISS DOG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a clever Swiss dog in the act of opening a gate. Rearing on his hind legs he presses down the lever handle with his fore paw and, inserting his nose, causes the gate to swing open.—ANGELO FAHIE.

MILK AND COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not think that the question of the supply of milk to cottagers is at all solved by the remarks of your correspondent "Rusticus." His "practical illustration of the fact that the scarcity of cottages on the estates or farms"—as producing a paucity of milkers and therefore cows—"causes a dearth of milk among the poor," is certainly not a very sound argument. Granted that there were more cottages near milk farms, more milkers and more cows, the farmers would find it more profitable to sell the milk in bulk or to make cheese than to sell it to cottagers. "Rusticus" perhaps does not realise the trouble of it or the nuisance of it. He would do so better, perhaps, if, as he says he has one cow now and means to have another, he would try the experiment of selling milk to the cottagers. I think he would find many "bad debts," no regularity in quantity or time of fetching it, the great nuisance of children or women hanging about the dairy and yard, making it "public property," and the perpetual annoyance of the dairymaid, or combined cook-dairymaid, being fetched away from other work to supply "a ha'porth o' milk," the half-penny not being forthcoming. This last would necessitate an account being kept, and the account "sent in" would not be hailed with joy, and certainly not with gratitude. There would be no profit in selling these small lots of milk. If milk could be provided at every village shop—so many quarts a day, general order—from a farm, and the money for bulk paid straight to the farmer, it would seem that that might answer; but what would become of the "waste"? Milk will not keep, and with such precarious demand and supply it would need great adjustment.—MARTLET.

AN OLD SPINNER OF ROTHENBURG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While staying at Rothenburg, o/d. Tauber, I heard of an old lady who lived



SPINNING TWO THREADS AT A TIME.

up at Vorbach, a village some miles away, and who still wore the ancient costume of the district. The photograph herewith shows her spinning away in a corner of an ancient room. On her head is a cap from which depend long silk ribbons, the length, breadth and number of which denote how rich she is in this world's goods. Above the snug-looking bottle hangs her state head-dress. This has removable crowns, and the skilled observer can tell, whenever the old lady goes out in state, by looking at the particular crown she is wearing, whether she is going to a funeral, a christening, a wedding or merely an afternoon palaver. She was well over seventy, yet, in spite of the long exposure necessary for the photograph, she never moved a muscle, nor did she stir her hands though held out in the act of spinning two threads at one time, an accomplishment she was very proud of.—JAMES SHAW.



REASON OR INSTINCT?

same is spent" can, however, only account for 472, leaving 348 hogsheads to be consumed in ways unaccountable! The photograph will, I trust, prove to be of sufficient interest to your readers. At any rate, I know that very few, if any, visitors have the opportunity to penetrate to what is undoubtedly one of the features of the college.—G. F. I. SCHWERDT.

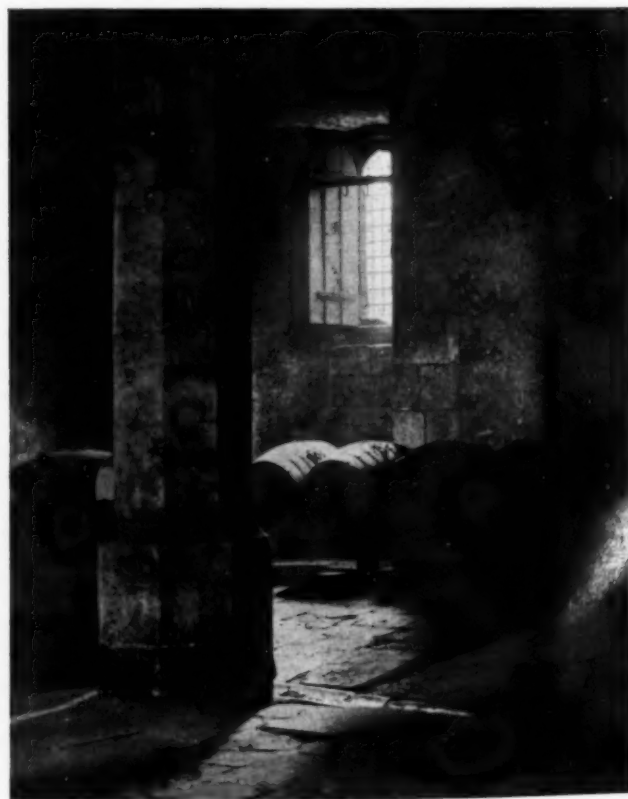
WHEN PUBLIC SCHOOLS BREWED THEIR OWN ALE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the old beer cellar at Winchester College. It is a fine specimen of mediæval cellar. I will quote a short description from "Annals of Winchester College," by T. F. Kirby: "The cellar is a chamber on the ground floor . . . with a vaulted stone ceiling in which the groining ribs spring from corbels and unite in a central stone shaft 18ft. 3in. in height. The dimensions of the cellar, 30ft. 3in. by 24ft. 2in., show what space was considered necessary for the storage of beer in the days when beer was the only drink." The beer was brought up into hall in black leather jacks. At one time the College grew, on what is now playing ground, its own hops, but never enough to meet the total demand. An authority in 1709 says: "There are brewed yearly at Winchester College about 820 hogsheads (@ 60 gallons) of small beer, the value whereof at the rate of 12s. 3d. each hogshead doth amount 'comminibus annis' to about £500." A table of "how the



AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CELLAR.



IN THE BEER-CELLAR AT WINCHESTER.

RACING NOTES.



THE NEW PADDOCK RING AT SANDOWN.

"THE latest is best" is a saying the truth of which is very much open to argument, but it is certainly true as applied to the excellent parade-ring which has been constructed in the paddock at Sandown Park. Nearly everyone who goes racing wants to have a look at the horses—at some particular horse, at all events. Up to a few years ago it was often difficult, sometimes dangerous, to try and find the runners for a big race. To remedy this state of affairs, fenced-in parade-rings were installed, in which the horses were supposed to walk round, so that visitors could look at them. Some of these parade-rings are well arranged, others are not; but the curious thing about it is that for some reason or other owners and trainers will not or do not send their horses into them, much to the disappointment of a very considerable section of the racing public. Be that as it may, the new parade-ring at Sandown Park is by far the best thing of its kind. It is of ample dimensions and surrounded by substantial rails—so are other parade-rings, but outside the rails are broad turf terraces on which any number of people can stand, and thus, even on an Eclipse Day, everyone will be able to get a good look at the horses—if they are sent into the ring. Why they should not be sent in I do not know. There may be an idea that they might get kicked, but that is not more likely to happen in the ring than out of it. Horses do sometimes get upset and excited in the paddock, but that is usually owing to the pressure of the crowd. The average race-horse is well enough behaved, and it is a very rare thing for one horse to kick another just for the love of doing so. An exceptionally bad-tempered or nervous horse might well be kept out of the ring—that goes without saying; but the great majority would, I think, run less risk walking round in a properly constructed and sufficiently roomy ring than when led about among a crowd of people, a good many of whom, by the way, seem often enough to forget that a

race-horse has nerves—and heels. There it is. Most of us dearly love to look at the horses; many of us think we know something about condition—very likely we do not, still, we flatter ourselves that we do—and before making our little speculations we like to go and satisfy ourselves that in that respect all is well with the horse of our choice. Lots of people I know myself look upon an inspection of the horses as the best part of the day's sport. Go into a paddock while the race before the big race of the day is being run, there you will find them availing themselves of the temporary absence of the crowd to make a thorough inspection of the runners. Shrewd critics they are, too, and most of them good sportsmen into the bargain; it is not the betting but the horses they care about. There it is. These parade-rings are excellent institutions, notably the one at Sandown Park; and I do not see why, subject to the permission of the Stewards, all horses should not be obliged to walk round in them, a policy which if adopted would, I am sure, be much appreciated by the racing public. *Apropos* of Sandown Park, some of the racing there last week was of considerable interest, though from an onlooker's point of view, to some extent spoiled by the fog, which rendered it impossible to watch the various phases of a race. Among the runners for the Sandown Foal Stakes were Arda (9st. 5lb.), Sun Yat (9st. 4lb.) and Aldegond (8st. 7lb.). Now, if there had been a handicap most people would, I suppose, have expected Aldegond to win; as a matter of fact, they did so now, for Mr. P. Browne's colt was a strong 7 to 4 favourite. Mr. Richards, by the way, in his "Unofficial Handicaps" up to date of October 13th, in his handicap from seven furlongs to a mile and a-quarter puts Aldegond at 9st. 8lb., Sun Yat at 9st. 2lb. and Arda at 8st. 11lb. Arda, at all events, won the Foal Stakes, beating Sun Yat by half a length. A very nice stamp of filly she is, too. No lumber about her, plenty of scope, and a singularly game and blood-like head. She is a good bred one into the bargain, by



W. A. Rouch.

THE FIRST STEEPLECHASE OF THE SEASON.
The Stand fence at Sandown Park.

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W. A. Rouch.

THE PIRBRIGHT HANDICAP HURDLE RACE, SANDOWN PARK.
(At the second hurdle.)

Copyright.

St. Frusquin out of Ardmore 11, by Gallinule 19. Ardmore, by the way, was the dam of Lady Jess by Ayrshire, a very good-looking filly, for whom Mr. J. Buchanan paid a long price, I think, some four or five years ago; but, unlike Arda, who is as "hard as nails," Lady Jess had no constitution. Her stock are, however, promising, I am told, so that after all she bids fair to recover the money invested in her purchase. Arda herself was bought by her present owner, Mr. J. Hornung, for 1,350 guineas at the sale of the Worksop Manor yearlings the year before last, a sale at which, I will add, Maid of Sker, winner of the Maiden Selling Handicap on Friday last, was sold to Mr. Tatem for 200 guineas. This is a filly which ought one of these days to make a rare brood mare, for she is by Collar out of Ormah, by Trenton out of Orpah, by Orme out of Ruth, by Scottish Chief. Orme is by Ormonde out of Angelica, by Galopin out of St. Angela; and Collar is by St. Simon out of Ornament, own sister to Ormonde, who was by Bend Or out of Lily Agnes. How the Free Handicaps for three year olds will work out remains to be seen. Meantime, as regards the winner Laracor and the second Kheri in the Great Sapling Plate at Sandown Park on Friday last, it comes out well enough. In that race the weights carried were: Laracor (8st. 10lb.), Kheri (8st. 7lb.), and Laracor won "cleverly" by half a length. The weights allotted in the Free Handicap are: Laracor (7st. 11lb.), Kheri (7st. 7lb.). Now about the Free Handicap itself, here is the position therein assigned to the two year olds. I am only going to quote the first twelve: The Tetrarch (9st. 10lb.), Corcyra (9st.), By George! (8st. 13lb.), Parhelion (8st. 13lb.), Stornoway (8st. 12lb.), Aldford (8st. 12lb.), Hapsburg (8st. 11lb.), Courageous (8st. 10lb.), Happy Warrior, 8st. 6lb.; Longtown, 8st. 5lb.; Ambassador, 8st. 5lb.; and Calgary, 8st. 5lb., the handicapper being, as I have just shown, unable to make any difference between By George! and Parhelion, Stornoway and Aldford, or Longtown, Ambassador and Calgary. Here, by way of comparison, is Mr. Richard's handicapping of the same lot: The Tetrarch, 11st. 5lb. (his scale of weight is higher because he has to handicap a great many more animals); Corcyra, 10st. 10lb.; Hapsburg, 10st. 9lb.; Stornoway, 10st. 9lb.; Aldford, 10st. 7lb.; By George! 10st. 7lb.; Courageous, 10st. 3lb.; Ambassador, 10st. 2lb.; Happy Warrior, 10st.; Parhelion, 10st.; Longtown, 9st. 13lb.; and Calgary, 9st. 12lb. These weights, I should mention, are brought up to date of October 13th, those in the Free Handicap having been published no October 23rd, and in the interval

between the compiling of the two handicaps Parhelion has given Longtown a sound beating in the Prendergast Stakes. A little later on we shall have to try and reckon up as best we may which are the most promising of these two year olds, which of them, that is to say, look to be most like training on into good three year olds. Already the eliminating process has begun, for Stornoway and Aldford are both touched in the wind and one or two others are under suspicion. Mr. "Atty" Perse assures me, I am glad to say, that The Tetrarch is "all right." Corcyra does look like training on, and if to his tremendous turn of speed—I verily believe that at five furlongs he could beat any horse in training—The Tetrarch does add the possession of stamina, well, all I can say is that next year we shall see a race-horse worth talking about; but with two or three exceptions I have no very exalted opinion of this year's two year olds. Those of last year have certainly done little or nothing towards establishing their merit, and if this year's crop turn out no better, it seems to me that our breeders will have to put on their thinking caps. This much I do know, that complaints from trainers are becoming more frequent. Not one, but many of them assure me that horses cannot stand the work they used to do, not so very long ago either. They say, too, that there are far more faulty and unreliable horses than formerly, and some of them add that but one race will upset a horse for a considerable time. If true—I firmly believe it—this is a very unsatisfactory state of affairs. Inbreeding, carried to excess, may be one of the contributing causes. There was a time when practically every mare in the Stud Book was full of Herod blood, and the line of Herod, as we know, to all intents and purposes died out, not improbably, I think, because breeders, noting the evil effects of continual inbreeding, turned ultimately to other

strains. Be that as it may, Herod blood is once more, after a long interval, coming to the front, and if judiciously used, may be of the greatest value. To intensify a desirable strain of blood, or to bring known but hidden qualities to the surface, inbreeding is necessary; but, like many other things good in themselves, if carried to excess it becomes an evil. It is curious to note—I make no pretensions to scientific knowledge—that in practice excessive inbreeding may have for result a brilliant individual, but that individual will in all probability fail to reproduce any appreciable measure of his own merits. Here is the crux. Are we not attempting to produce brilliant individuals at the expense of the breed as a whole? TRENTON.



W. A. Rouch.

LARACOR.

Copyright

Winner of the Great Sapling Plate at Sandown Park.

THE LESSER COUNTRY HOUSES OF TO-DAY

FOLDSDOWN,
THURSLEY, SURREY,
DESIGNED BY
MR. DAVIDSON.

Arthur Rackham.

FOLDSDOWN is one of many good modern houses, the plans of which are based on a compromise between symmetry and irregularity. The garden front is a balanced composition with the middle of its front recessed behind two gabled projections. The entrance

front has developed in irregular fashion because the principal kitchen offices are located in a separate wing to the east of the main block. The treatment of the exteriors follows well recognised Surrey traditions, with red brick walls and a tile-hung upper storey. All the bedrooms are partly in the roof, but the ample dormers ensure excellent light and do not look too large. The house is entered through an octagonal porch in the corner formed by the main block and the kitchen wing. The entry gives on to the staircase, economically disposed between walls, and on to a corridor. In summer the latter becomes part of the dining-room, from which it is divided by wide sliding doors, seen open in one of our illustrations. This is a provision which adds greatly to spaciousness and airiness, and is valuable where, as at Foldsdown, the house is occupied mainly in the summer. Opening from the drawing-room and looking north-west and south-west is a loggia, eighteen feet by eight feet. The latter dimension may be regarded as the minimum width which is practicable for shade and comfort. It is not enough where a loggia adjoins the dining-room and is

intended for outdoor meals, but that is not the case at Foldsdown. The aspects of the chief rooms are arranged with intent to get the maximum of summer sun, which also floods the servants' hall, a very proper arrangement. The kitchen, on the other hand, has a cool outlook to the north-west. We also illustrate



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THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

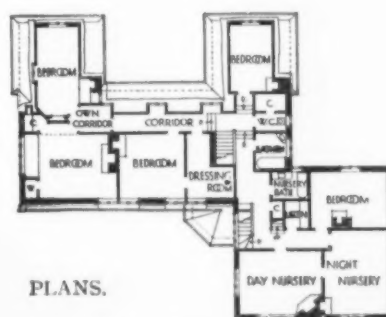
the gardener's cottage which stands in a corner of the grounds. A good



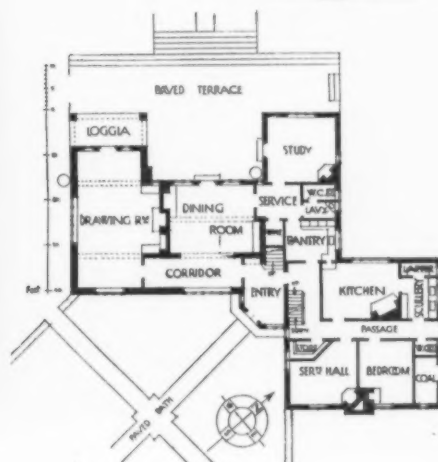
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THE GARDEN FRONT.

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PLANS.





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SOUTH-WEST SIDE.

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LOGGIA AND TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

point in its planning is the provision of a bedroom for the butler, with a separate entrance door and porch. The owner of Foldsdown, Mr. S. D. Parker, is making good headway with the garden, albeit the house was built but lately. The site, which consists of about two acres, has been cleverly

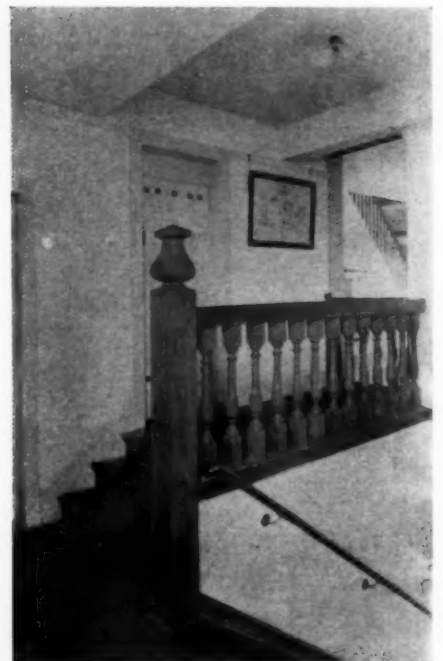


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THE PORCH.

"C.L."

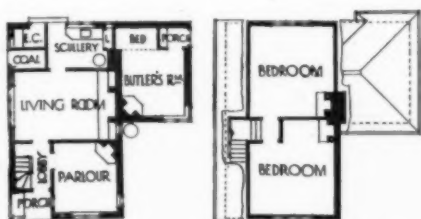
laid out by Mr. Edward White. House and pleasure garden occupy about half the ground. The entrance path is square with the road, and the house, standing diagonally to the road, allows of a longer extension of the flower borders and the circular garden at the end, than could otherwise



THE HEAD OF THE STAIR.

have been contrived upon the site. Kitchen garden and orchard are conveniently placed, and the remaining space becomes a useful paddock. The round pool, with its grass margin and encircling paved path, is a good feature and, as our second illustration shows, not too far from the north-west front

to harbour pretty reflections of roof and chimney. Mr. Davidson has been content to design simply and has achieved a house which takes its place naturally and pleasantly in a



PLANS: GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

part of Surrey so beautiful that an ill-considered building is more than usually an outrage. It is fortunate that the design of houses of this size is now entrusted, almost always, to architects of capacity, whereas it seems to be the general idea that cottages can be designed by any village builder or amateur. They are, however, no less in need of the skilled hand if proper results are to be got.

Copyright

L. W.

WELSH MONUMENTS.

An Inventory of the Ancient Monuments in Wales and Monmouthshire. III.—County of Radnor. (Wymans.)

THE ROYAL COMMISSION which is cataloguing Welsh monuments has now issued the Radnor volume. Although the county marches with Herefordshire and Shropshire, it is markedly poor in notable buildings, and this is especially true of houses. The Commissioners schedule thirty-six monuments as being especially worthy of preservation, but no domestic structure appears among them. The churches are more interesting. The organ case in Old Radnor Parish Church and the rood loft at Llananno are very fine examples of mediæval woodwork. Macesronnen Independent Chapel is a simple, rare and interesting example of an early Nonconformist house of worship, and has been very little altered since it was built in 1696. Perhaps the most arresting item in the schedule is the King's Rent Hole at Llanbister, a cutting in the side of a hill. Its charm is



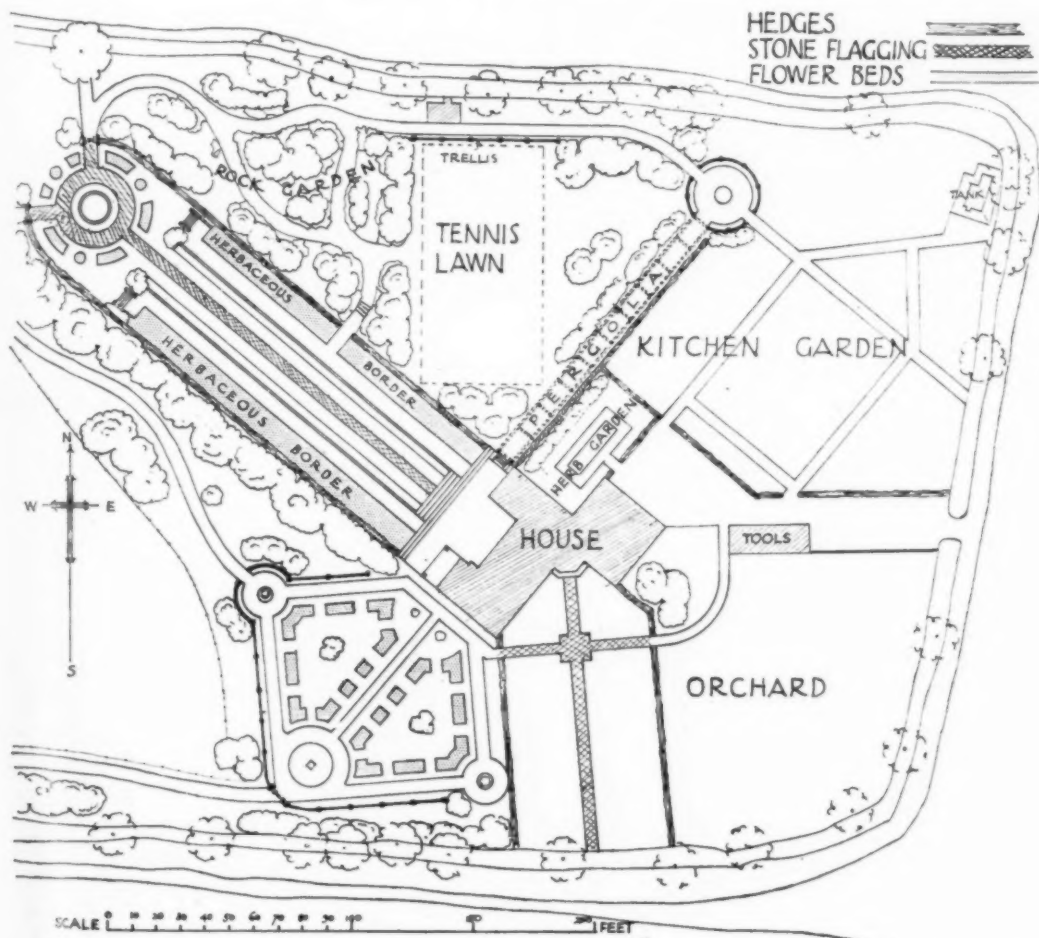
CORRIDOR AND DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

rather in the ceremony still performed there every year than in the cutting itself, and the description of it in the words of a resident aged eighty is worth quoting in full: "From a time when the memory of man runs not to the contrary, there has gathered at this spot on Hilary Monday, a company of the resident householders within the manor of Melenydd for the purpose of electing one of the occupiers as 'Collector of the King's Rent.' From every holding in the manor a small rent is due to the King, who must yearly receive a total sum of £19 18s. 7d. from these rents.

"The 'Collector' is the man who will take the cess at the lowest figure per head; anything over the total, calculated at the accepted rates, becomes the 'Collector's' vails. As the hour of noon approaches, any resident of the manor who proposes to bid for the collection or cess, enters the hole by way of a small sunken track, repeating, as he slowly walks, the formula which has been in use from time immemorial—'I have come here to take His Majesty the King's rent for one year, the year—, at — on all married occupiers, half-price on single occupiers and widows and on all bitacks [bye-takes], the occupier living inside the manor, and full-price on all occupiers residing outside the manor.' While repeating this form of offer the bidder has walked the 10 feet of track and reached the centre of the hole, when he turns round to face the audience, standing bare-headed in the hole, 'in the eye of light.' Should another candidate for the collectorship be forthcoming who is prepared to take the poll tax at a lower figure,

he goes through the same ceremony. This continues until the exact hour of noon, when he who has offered to collect the cess at the lowest poundage becomes Collector. He is at once called upon to find guarantors in four residents within the manor. These being forthcoming, with a fifth resident as 'King's Witness,' all stand in the Rent Hole, and the four bail-men, clasping one another by the wrist, and laying four hands on four hands, agree to go bail that the sum of £19 18s. 7d. shall be duly paid by the Collector to the Official Receiver of Crown Rents. The fifth man, the King's Witness, places his right hand on the top of the other right hands, and his left hand beneath them, thus making in all ten hands in the pile. The ceremony is then over, and the company disperses for another twelve months. All is done by word of mouth, there is no writing of any kind, and no case of defaulting has been known within memory. Some years see a larger attendance than others, especially when there is likely to be a keen contest for the collectorship." It is very satisfactory that so fascinating a survival should have been put on record with the drier details of stone circles, camps and stones.



GARDEN PLAN: FOLDSOWN.

COUNTRY LIFE

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ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

YOUTH AND AGE.

THE summer that is past has brought laurels either to the decidedly young or, if one may so respectfully call them—of course, from a purely golfing point of view—the emphatically old: the middle-aged golfer has had rather a barren season of it. By middle-aged I mean those who have behind them a fair number of years of serious golf: who have outlived the time during which they were invariably alluded to in the public prints as “promising,” and should, consequently, if they are ever going to do great things, be quick about it. George Duncan may fairly be put in this class, for, though he is still only hovering round about the border of the thirties, he has been one of the very best of players for quite a long time. His two long-deferred and well-earned victories in the *News of the World* Tournament and the French Open Championship have in some degree saved the face of his middle-aged contemporaries; otherwise, youth and crabbed age, more especially the latter, have had it all their own way.

Youth deserves to be mentioned first, because of that great and astounding triumph of Mr. Francis Ouimet, aged twenty, over Ray and Vardon in the American Open Championship. Then Mr. Ivo Whitton, who is only nineteen, and is said, by the way, to be coming to settle in England, has won the open championship of Australia for two years in succession. A lesser win, but still one that is distinctly a feather in the cap of youth, was that of Lord Charles Hope in the French Amateur Championship; nor must we altogether forget Mr. Heinrich Schmidt's fine play at St. Andrews, nor the bronze medal won there by Mr. Kyle, who is younger even than Mr. Ouimet. The list standing to the credit of age is decidedly longer. I do not suppose that either Mr. Hilton or J. H. Taylor would complain of having their two glorious achievements, in the Amateur and Open Championships respectively, put at the head of it. Yet these two players are almost infant prodigies as compared with some other victors. Mr. Mure Fergusson, who is fifty-eight years old and won his first St. Andrews medal in 1874, won the autumn medal against a splendid field and with the splendid score of 76. Within a day or two of this remarkable performance Mr. William Greig won the medal for which all the strongest local players at St. Andrews compete, a medal that, though less widely known, takes as much winning as does that of the Royal and Ancient. Nor was this all, for earlier in the summer Mr. Greig penetrated to the fifth round of the Amateur Championship before losing to Mr. Schmidt, and beat one of the very strongest of amateurs, Mr. Lionel Munn, in a match that was carried far past the eighteenth green. The books of reference tell us that Mr. Greig was born in 1861, and he and his wooden putter have been household words at St. Andrews for years. Then we have Mr. Palmer, who is now something over fifty and did not begin golf till he was nearer forty than thirty, winning the Irish Championship, a feat which involves several days of hard and continuous fighting in a field full of good players. Mr. Frank Fairlie, who is tottering on the verge of sixty, a really beautiful player, but one who, except at Nairne, has not been seen for years in the golfing arena, won on this, his adopted home course, a match play tournament, in which there are always some very good players indeed competing. Finally, to go back a little, Mr. Charles Hutchings, unless I am mistaken, won yet another of his hardy annuals, the scratch medal, at Pau during last winter.

This is, surely, a very remarkable list, and, at a time when each year sees hundreds and hundreds of golfers beginning the game almost in their cradles, gives ground for serious reflection. Who shall now venture to say what constitutes a golfing prime? After Mr. Ouimet's win I read in the American papers comments attributed to various British players of great distinction, and published, no doubt, in this country. Their main point appeared to be this: that the new champion was lucky in being so young that he did not know what a difficult business golf really was. They narrated the mental tortures through which they passed nowadays while playing: they contrasted these agonies with the light-hearted and careless days of their boyhood, when nerves were unknown and they just walked up to the ball and hit it: their bodies were better than ever, but their minds, so they implied, were in a terrible state: *si viellesse savail*, not *pourail*, was the burden of their lamentation. If it had all been true it would have been very sad indeed; but since that time there has been a whole crop of conquests for players even older than the authors of these jeremiads. Perhaps the conquerors have attained to their second childhood, and recovered with it some of the ignorance that is bliss.

It would certainly be rash to lay down any law on so uncertain a subject as golfing nerves. Perhaps, however, one may hazard one tentative suggestion. The young, untried golfer is, in respect to his nerves, like the little girl in the poem who “had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead.” When he is good he is very, very good, and goes with quite impervious calm through the most desperate battles: when he is bad he is horrid, and collapses completely. The older player, weighed down with fearful knowledge, may bend more, but is less likely to break; he knows by experience that he will feel the strain: to the younger one the fact that he is thus mortal comes suddenly as a horrible shock. There was a curious instance of this phenomenon in the too short career of that most magnificent golfer, the late Mr. J. A. T. Bramston. In his first year at Oxford, after several months of triumphing over ex-champions, he reached the semi-final of the Amateur Championship at Sandwich, and at that time he obviously and by his own confession did not know what it was to feel nervous. Suddenly, at a critical moment in his match with Mr. Robb, he topped an iron shot into the bunker in front of the fifteenth hole, and from that moment till he was beaten on the seventeenth green he scarcely struck a ball anywhere except straight along the ground. It was, as he himself cheerfully remarked, a case “not of nerves, but of absolute paralysis.”

There is a general belief that in a very tight corner the aged golfer is the man to back, but this is a belief which ought not to hold good, and which, one imagines, actually impedes the progress of young golfers. They may be told so often that they are too young: that they may well come to think that the strain will be too great for them before they start: that they can never be skilful or cool enough before they are thirty. One is the more impressed by this on coming straight from America, because there the young gentleman of nineteen or twenty is rather inclined to believe that someone of over thirty will be an easy victim, because he is so very old and decrepit. It may not be a wholly warrantable point of view, but the holding of it is much more likely to make a youth play well. However much one admires and rejoices over the conquests of veterans, one cannot help having a feeling that the younger generation ought not to be allowing them to happen so frequently: the grandchildren should be stopping their grandfathers from winning. Many explanations are given: we are told that the education supplied by the rubber-cored ball is imperfect, that it is so easy to learn to hit the ball fairly well that there is no incentive really to master the right way of playing the shot. It may be true, but it can hardly be so overwhelming a truth that the inferiority of youth should be accepted as inevitable. As Stevenson said in “Crabbed Age and Youth”: “There is a strong feeling in favour of cowardly and prudential proverbs.” It would be better for British golf if we had a stronger belief in “Youth will be served.”

B. D.

INOCULATED PEAT FOR GOLF GREENS.

THE conclusion of the lecture given by Professor Bottomley to members of the Horticultural Club last week, a brief report of which appeared in last week's *COUNTRY LIFE*, an important letter from Mr. Peter Lees, the well known groundsman at the Mid-Surrey Golf Club, was read. From this letter it was evident that he had tried the nitrogen-impregnated peat on the putting greens at Richmond, and thought very highly of it as a manure. For the benefit of those who may not have seen the report of the lecture last week I should state that, briefly, the fertiliser consists of peat which has first been treated with aerobic bacteria to convert the injurious humic acid present in raw peat into a non-injurious substance, then sterilised with steam, and finally inoculated with a pure culture of nitrogen-fixing bacteria, which are able to extract the free nitrogen from the air and render it available for use by green-leaved plants.

In the company of Mr. Lees the writer on Friday last inspected the greens at Richmond which have been treated with this prepared peat. The first to be dressed was a practice green, which, owing to the very hard wear to which it is subjected, and the fact that it is on sand, always gives a great deal of trouble, particularly in the autumn. This green was treated on August 28th, and at that time was in a very worn condition. Now it is as perfect as a green could be, the turf being very close and hard, and of a particularly healthy colour. Near to this practice green, and also on sand, is an undulating green that Lees assured me has always been a worry to him at this season. This, when dressed with the prepared peat a little more than a fortnight ago, was very brown in places, but now

the brown patches have almost disappeared, and the turf is very healthy and of excellent substance. A third green, also of an undulating character, was treated on Tuesday of last week, and three days later was showing signs of improvement, although, owing to the lateness of the season, so quick results can scarcely be expected.

It has been necessary to experiment with different quantities to ascertain the proper amount to use, and after treating small patches of grass with 2oz., 4oz., 6oz., 8oz., 10oz. and 12oz. per square yard respectively Lees has come to the conclusion that 3oz. per square yard produces the most satisfactory results. This is applied in a finely pulverised state as a top-dressing, and for the first few days seems to open up the soil and to let the grass through, after which this slight sponginess disappears. Not only have these dressings had a most remarkable effect on the blades of the grasses, but root-growth has also been increased to a very considerable extent, hence it would seem that this prepared peat has a decided advantage over other fertilisers, such as guano, the effect of which is not of a lasting character.

On a new course which Messrs. J. Carter and Co. are constructing at Shirley Park, one of the greens was treated with this impregnated peat before the grass seed was sown about five weeks ago, and through the courtesy of Mr. Harold Beale, the writer was able to see this on Monday afternoon last. Here again the effect is very striking, the grass being already three times as high as that on the surrounding untreated ground, while in colour and texture it is also far superior. At this stage it is impossible to say whether the highly beneficial results which have undoubtedly been obtained by the use of this peat fertiliser are due to any appreciable extent to the presence of the nitrogen-fixing bacteria, or to the fact that the large store of plant food that peat naturally contains has been rendered suitable for live vegetation by the elimination of the harmful humic acid and sterilisation. That, however, does not matter very much from a practical standpoint. The cost of producing this treated peat is of far greater importance, especially now that natural manure is becoming so difficult to obtain. Of the immediate effect of this peat on golf greens there is no doubt whatever, but it will be of interest to see whether the good results are maintained for any appreciable length of time.

F. W. H.

FLOUTING THE ARCHITECTS.

THE development of George Duncan from the moody brilliant to the diamond of the first water would seem to have been a special dispensation of Providence which is intended to incite course-architects to still greater heights of ingenuity. During the past month Duncan has played on two new greens which were supposed to represent just about the last word in golfing tests and trials for testy people, and he has made both look absurdly easy. At St. George's Hill he did a 71, and at Croham Hurst last Saturday he had a 73, the merit of which was thrown into suitably bold relief by the fact that James Braid and the local professional, R. G. Wilson, tied for second place at 79, while J. H. Taylor, the open champion, took 82. It is most profoundly to be hoped that the designers of tee shots that have to be placed to a yard and second shots that have to be steered through a passage between insidious bunkers will not imagine that we are all Duncans.

By all the canons of common-sense, nobody ought to have done better than at Croham Hurst. And yet Duncan accomplished a 73 in spite of the fact that he missed five holeable putts, and was eminently human on the greens from beginning to end. He holed out twice from a distance of about four yards and took three putts on one green; for the rest he had nothing for which to thank or condemn his putting. He says that the best round that he ever played in his life was the 65 which he accomplished at Hanger Hill three years ago, because, on that occasion, he hit every shot just as he wanted to hit it. All the same, I do not know how it can have been better than his 71 at St. George's Hill or his 73 at Croham Hurst.

THE BLESSING OF CONFIDENCE.

In a burst of confidence which began with the words, "I could play at one time," Harry Vardon said not long ago that, when he was at his best, he knew directly he took a spoon or an iron club just where he was going to place the ball. The element of doubt never entered his head. That is just the divine spirit that seems to have taken possession of Duncan. At Croham Hurst he played half shots, three-quarter shots, and very nearly full shots with his spoon, and his whole bearing during the business of the address and the swing gave one that feeling of certainty that he could not possibly fail. He is proud to admit

that he has moulded his style on that of Vardon, but only a genius could have made such a success of the task. It was a pity that, on Saturday, he was not one of the professionals to oppose Mr. H. H. Hilton and Mr. Robert Harris in the four-ball match. For some reason the committee decided that the two worst scorers in the professional stroke competition in the morning should meet the amateurs in the afternoon. Duncan at the top of his form was needed to give the professionals a chance of conceding two holes start, and there he was playing a single with a following of 150 people while 2,000 enthusiasts were surging round the tit-bit that trailed off into a 5 and 4 victory for the amateurs. R. E. H.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE RULES OF GOLF COMMITTEE.

There could not possibly be anyone better fitted to succeed Captain Burn as Chairman of the Rules of Golf Committee than Mr. John Low. Mr. Low's elevation to the throne will very likely mean that the sub-committee to whom the various questions are first submitted will meet in London more often than in St. Andrews. The principal meetings will, of course, still be held at headquarters and the work done through St. Andrews. Moreover,

there will be, according to present plans, a second sub-committee of those living at St. Andrews, and the two sub-committees will work together and exchange views. It seems, if one may say so respectfully, a particularly good plan that the Chairman should be a golfer who is just as well known in the South as he is in the North. Anyone who played as much golf as Mr. Low once did on the old course at Cambridge should have ample sympathy with those who play on mud.

GOLF AT PORT SAID.

News comes to us of a nine-hole golf course that has been laid out at Port Said. Golfers who have to wait some little while on their journey through the Suez Canal may like to know of this new way of amusing themselves on shore. The course lies to the south of the town, on a stretch of land between the railway and Lake Menzaleh. It is only about a mile away from the landing stage, and the whole outlay involved is half-a-crown for a daily ticket, a shilling for a cab and sixpence for a caddie, to which may be added another shilling for the hiring of clubs in case the voyager's own clubs should be stowed away at the bottom of the hold. The amusement of trying to master a strange set should be quite worth the money. The only clue I have to the nature of the course is contained in the regulation "Players must wear flat-soled shoes." Possibly it is not a championship course, but the golf must be vastly more amusing than the game on board ship, in which one endeavours to steer a wooden disc round the corner of a raft and between the legs of one's fellow-passengers into a chalk circle marked on the deck.

B. D.



MR. J. L. LOW, CHAIRMAN OF THE RULES OF GOLF COMMITTEE.



THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW.

IF over three thousand six hundred entries can be obtained by the Kennel Club with a charge of £1 per entry, one wonders what would be the dimensions of this annual event if the orthodox half-guinea were the fee. In all probability the resources of the Crystal Palace would be taxed to their utmost capacity, and we should see a display of dogs the like of which has never been witnessed before. As it was, I doubt if there have ever been better shows than that at Sydenham last week, for it seemed to me, as well as being the opinion of most of those to whom I spoke, that the merit of the exhibits was on a particularly high level, there being remarkably few sections that could be called weak. So much was to be seen that the devout dog-lover—and there are many thousands—was obliged to pass some hours before the attractions of the benches were exhausted.

The awarding of the important general specials on the second day by Mr. J. Sidney Turner, Mr. F. C. Lowe and Mr. W. R. Temple gave us an epitome of the cream of the show. We started off with the team classes, which were productive of much interest. Place of honour to the goodly fellowship of sportsmen, in which we had no less than seventeen entrants, including Queen Alexandra's couple and a half of rough Bassets. One would have liked to know that they could win, but they were up against the best the country could produce, and Bassets rarely succeed in an open competition of this kind. It was

a pity that Lord Linlithgow had not put in his little lot of pocket beagles. Instead of the conventional three or four in a team he could have delighted us with three and



CAPRICE OF LOCKERBIE.

a half couples of the merry little beauties. The decision ultimately fell upon the popular favourites, Mrs. Edmunds' bloodhounds, Ledburn Beau Brummel, Ledburn Binnacle and Solace. Apart from their individual excellence, these hounds, all of the Champion Solly out of Playful litter, whelped March, 1912, are so alike in marking and character as to make a

splendidly matched team, and this does make a difference, although teams are not supposed to be judged by sortiness. When you come to remember that this litter also contained Mr. Desborough Dobson's Ledburn Barrister, you may imagine that it was something out of the common. Since Mr. Edwin Brough's Beckford-Bianca mixture, that produced such a succession of marvellous hounds, I cannot recall any other combination that has been so happy in its results. Most breeders are content to get one good one in a litter, and it seems almost a superabundance to find four. Second prize went to Miss A. Doxford's four deerhounds, another well matched team, and third were Mr. T. W. Twyford's Labradors. The judges must have thought the latter pretty good to put them above the others, and a distinct advance for Labradors is marked thereby.

Strange to say, the non-sporting teams provided less excitement, partly because they were fewer in numbers. However, the prize did not go unworthily when the red ribbon was handed to Miss Dickinson for her trio of Great Danes. The handsome fawn, clean built and symmetrical, Champion Rupert of Rungmook, had on the previous day won the dog challenge certificate in his breed classes, and Champion Ranghild of Rungmook, the blue bitch, had achieved a similar distinction for her sex. Then Rupert's fawn puppy, Ra of Rungmook, had also done very well. Second place went to a nice team of blue Chows owned by Mrs. Lionel Faudel-Phillips. These, too, had



HINDHEAD JOHN.



CHAMPION ST. BLAISE.

had a satisfactory day on the Tuesday. Mrs. Romilly's French bulldogs made a good third. Mr. R. Williamson's fox-terriers, thanks in a considerable measure to the heavy guns carried by Champion Levenside Luke, came out at the head of



CHAMPION STANMORE FOOTITT.

sporting terriers, followed by Mr. Walter S. Glynn's level team of Welsh terriers, with Mr. Francis Redmond's stylish smooth fox-terriers third. Pekingese belonging to Gertrude Lady Decies led in the toy teams, followed in order by Mrs.

Lord Lonsdale for the best dog and bitch in the show. The first went to the fox-terrier, Champion Levenside Luke, put down in the very pink of condition. Everything that a skilful handler could do to get him in supreme form had been done, and he looked a picture. The bitch cup was won by Mr. T. Steadman's English setter, Mallwyd Carrie, who has a good expression, and moves freely. The Shirley Memorial Cups for best sporting and non-sporting dogs or bitches owned by a member of the Ladies' Branch of the Kennel Club went to Gertrude Lady Decies' shapely whippet, Champion Falside Frivolity, and Mrs. L. Faudel-Phillips' Chow, Blue Fox of Amwell. Mr. D. Baillie's pointer, Sydney, a dog with plenty of bone and style, was adjudged the best dog of any breed in maiden, novice or puppy classes, and expert ring-siders speedily spotted Mr. E. E. Turner's beautiful young home-bred retriever, Link of Shipton, for the corresponding distinction in bitches. We shall hear a good deal more of her as time goes on. The best toy under eight pounds was Mrs. Whaley's Brussels Griffon, Champion Glenartney Frolic, and the best non-sporting of either



WALHAMPTON ZERO.

the Hard and Wire-Hair Terrier Association.

Little space remains in which to deal with the breed classes. In beagles Lord Linlithgow's midgets were conspicuous, and one wishes there were more like them. Lord Linlithgow, however, rarely sells any, and breeding stock is not easily had. Mr. J. Tyrrel Beaumont sent a charming little bitch, with a fine skull, in Bilton Grace. A bit more bone would



CHAMPION MATFORD VIC.

Knowles' miniature poodles and Mrs. Bate's Griffons Bruxellois.

THE BEST IN THE SHOW.

The teams disposed of, next on the programme was the awarding of the two handsome challenge cups presented by



CHAMPION WATTEAU SURPRISE.

sex Mrs. E. B. Herbert Adams' Chow, Prince's Double. Mrs. Porritt will, no doubt, feel much satisfaction at the decision that her Irish terrier bitch, Musbury Fionnuala, was held to be the best-coated of either sex holding the certificate of



CHAMPION LEVENSID LUKE.

improve her. The Worcester Park Beagles (Mr. F. W. Jamieson) also had a nice entry. To my mind the best Basset was Captain Godfrey Heseltine's Walhampton Zero, who failed to please the judge. Mr. A. T. Walker brought out a fine young Dane in Major of Ansdell. Not long out of his puppyhood, this shapely fawn created an excellent impression, and he is clearly marked out for highest honours. At present he is none too true at the pasterns, but from the look of him I should not be surprised to see an improvement later on. Champion Rupert of Rungmook achieved distinction by beating such good ones as Mr. Whitley's Champion Primley Prodigal, Major of Ansdell, Mrs. Fielder's harlequin, Brutus of Lockerbie, and Miss Stark's King of Breawood—all in the first flight.

In the Irish wolfhound ring I heard of the death of Champion Felixstowe Gweebarra, who was sold to America last year by Mr. Everett for a lot of money. Miss D. Beadon's handsome white and black greyhound, St. Blaise, qualified as a full champion. He is built on beautiful lines. Mrs. Charles Waterlow brought off the double event in French bulldogs with Champion Stanmore Footitt and Stanmore Dinette. Lady Kathleen Pilkington judged them carefully. The golden or yellow retrievers seem to me to be improving. Mrs. Charlesworth and Mr. F. W. Herbert had the best. There is much



RA OF RUNGMOOK.

to like about Colonel Le Poer Trench's Russians. Fortunately, he has been lucky enough to find some new blood in this country, his efforts to import some not having been crowned with success. One that was to have come over from his native land was eaten by a wolf. Mrs. Ralph Fytche won the limit class, black Cocker dogs, with her new acquisition, Rickford Roosevelt, and the open with Hampton Marquis, who will take some beating.

Mr. H. R. Jones' bulldog Wasso Hermit, was new to me, and I must say



HOPETOUN LANTERN.

that I took a great liking to him. Short-backed, wide-fronted, with plenty of bone, and a well shaped skull, he should go far. He struck me as being a trifle pinched in nostrils. Fox-terriers have been bred to such perfection that minute differences have to be sought by the judge in reaching his decisions. Mr. Desmond O'Connell had a grand lot of smooths paraded before him, of which Levenside Luke took the dog challenge certificate, followed by Mr. Redmond's stylish Champion Dunleath. Mr. F. Calvert Butler's sweet bitch, Champion Watteau Surprise, led in bitches—one of the best terriers of the day. Mr. F. W. Bright's Witchery, second, is another that fills the eye. Mr. Percy Hayward enjoyed the pleasure of netting over seventy pounds with his team of dachshunds, aided materially by Honeystone and Hypsipyle being first and second in the club's produce and sweepstakes.

Perhaps a few words are desirable to elucidate this week's illustrations, all of which represent dogs that won at the Kennel Club Show. The harlequin Great Dane, Caprice of Lockerbie, the property of Mrs. Fielder, is a stylish bitch, full of quality. She is by Greenhill Squire, who has sired such fine ones of this colour.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Crisp's Irish wolfhound, Hindhead John, has all the makings of a really fine hound. As he is not yet thirteen months old, he has time to improve in the muscular development of his hind-quarters, in which at present he seems a bit lacking. Captain Godfrey Heseltine's smooth Basset, Walhampton Zero, is a rare stamp of stallion hound, possessing the size necessary to counteract the tendency towards losing substance. He hunts regularly with the pack at Billericay, I have praised Mrs. Edmunds' bloodhound bitch, Ledburn Binnacle, on previous occasions, so need say no more than that she is thoroughly typical in every way, with a most charming expression. Noticing the sturdy frame and bone of Lord Linlithgow's beagle bitch, Hopetoun Lantern, it is difficult to imagine that she belongs to the under ten inches classification, yet this is the case. She is a splendid mover. Colonel W. Le Poer Trench's Russian retriever, St. Hubert's Prince, is a handsome dog in every respect. The fox-terriers deserve a special word to themselves. Of Mr. Williamson's Champion Levenside Luke no more need be said, as I have praised him already, and also Watteau Surprise. The wire-haired challenge certificates were won by Mr. Raper's Raby Dazzler and Mr. Trimble's Matford Vic, both of which have a remarkable history. Earlier in the year Mr. Trimble's bitch surprised the experts at Weston-super-Mare by her great merit, and many were the envious ones when the tale was told that the well known spaniel-breeder had bought her for a couple of sovereigns, merely because he wanted a sporting terrier. Having an idea, on looking her over, that she was pretty good, he put her under the care of a terrier man to get her into form, and so well was this done that she won a championship the first time of asking. Raby Dazzler, bred by a Yorkshire farmer, was sold for £5 to a gentleman who entered him at a North-country show, catalogued at £50. There he pleased people so much that several claimants were forthcoming, and he was run up to £170 before Mr. Raper was able to take him home. In a week or two he leaves for the United States, an American gentleman having paid what is claimed to be a record price, presumably somewhere



LEDBURN BINNACLE.

about £500, although the actual amount is not stated. Who shall say, after this, that there is not money in fox-terriers?

A LIFE-LONG ATTACHMENT.

Mrs. Lytton, who has written a great work on the breed, has kept toy spaniels from her earliest days, and it was *à propos* of one of these that a few years ago she wrote a very sensible plea in favour of the educative influences exerted by a dog upon a child. "The understanding between a child and its first dog is not to be appreciated by those who have not had a dog in their childhood. The dog teaches the child a world of things, which it will take years to learn without this companionship. To train a dog a child needs patience, self-control, firmness, good temper and, above all, intuition and judgment in no common degree. To treat a dog successfully in health or illness, the owner must be skilful, quick of decision, observant and unselfish. Who shall say that these qualities are not invaluable in after life, or that the ownership of a little dog is not one of the best trainings for children, who, when they are grown up, will understand their fellow human beings all the better for having learnt to understand and sympathise with those creatures which are dumb?" As a great-grand-daughter of Byron through her mother, Mrs. Lytton seems to have inherited a share of the poet's literary ability. Greatly though she may be attached to her dogs, however, she is ranged with those who treat them in a rational manner. "People can, of course, be silly over pet dogs," she has said, "and make them ridiculous, to their great discomfort, with scent, motor goggles, or goloshes; but such people would certainly make their own children ridiculous, and be equally silly and irritating over anything else of which they were fond, and those who make themselves and their dogs a laughing stock to all the sensible world will be no less contemptible if deprived of their unlucky dogs and reduced to the company of Teddy Bears."

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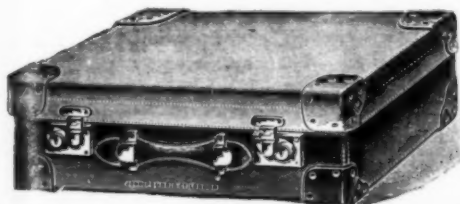
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THE BREEDING OF REMOUNTS IN CANADA

HOW many men who love the thorough-bred horse, and most real men do, have thought of him as the most prepotent thing on earth next to man? Perhaps this has not occurred to you who watch him prance in the paddock with spirits as gay as the silks he carries, or struggling down the stretch in game contest with his kind. You may praise his speed and courage in prose and poetry, and your artists may do their best to glorify him on canvas, but the chief feature of the breed may be overlooked in so doing.

The thorough-bred of to-day is the product of centuries of care and selection. It is admitted by all that his ancestors came from North Africa and Asia. He was once a hog-maned animal engaged in the fight for food, just as so many millions of men, less fortunate than the thorough-bred, are at present. I suppose that the first of the tribe was captured as a colt, probably after the mother had been killed for food, and was kept as a pet for the children of prehistoric man. Then some genius got on his back and discovered that four legs were better than two in getting over the ground. This lesson was learned by the tribe and more horses were secured. Centuries probably passed before a rope of twisted thongs was placed in the mouth of the horse so that man could direct his movements. And this invention, small as it may seem to us now, had more to do with the history of the human race than all the battleships, airships or automobiles that have ever been invented. From that time the human race advanced. The warriors on horseback ventured afar. They were known in ancient Babylonia on the West of England, and in remote China. Ever since the horse has worked for man in peace and carried him forth to battle.

In trying to get the best of the breed, one with the most energy and the most courage, men, particularly Englishmen, have produced the thorough-bred. Such care has been exercised in selection and breeding, such ingenuity in perfecting environment, such rigid tests imposed, that the present-day thorough bred has nothing to transmit except thorough-bred germ cells, and therefore he is prepotent, transmits his qualities without failure and improves all breeds of horses, which means the horse-breeding industry. Above all other things, he gives to his offspring the sureness of foot, courage, endurance and weight-carrying ability required of the ideal war horse. Perhaps too finely bred and fiery himself, he is the perfect sire to get a trooper or a charger from the cold-blooded farm mare. This is an axiom of breeding which has fallen lightly on English ears, but other nations have learned the lesson, and that is why European powers come to England and pay any price for the best thorough-breds to breed to their farm drudges at home. That is why France at the present time can assemble five hundred and twenty-five thousand horses suitable for war purposes in two weeks' time. That is why Germany can count on six hundred thousand well-bred horses in time of stress. It is why Italy, Austro-Hungary, the Argentines, Japan and Russia have taken your thorough-bred sires. It also furnishes the reason as to why the Canadian National Bureau of Breeding was started seven years ago. This Bureau started out to solve the remount problem of Canada, and also of England, by the free distribution of thorough-bred sires throughout Canada. It has placed nearly half a million dollars' worth of these horses from ocean to ocean, and has prepaid the freight, express and all other expenses to the points selected. The cost of the work for the first few years was met by prominent Canadians who believed in the undertaking as a bond of Empire and an aid to Imperial defence. So much has been said about Imperial defence, and so little real work done in that direction,

that these men have sworn by the bones of immortal Bend Or to "say nothing, but saw wood," and I may be called to task for giving this news about the Bureau; but there have been many enquiries during the past year or so from England, and it is perhaps just as well to state some plain facts.

For the past three years the National Bureau has been aided by the Canadian Government and by some of the Provincial Governments. This has made it possible to extend the work until the thorough-bred sires are strung out from Bridgetown in Prince Edward Island to the shores of the Pacific Ocean and from the American boundary to the Sub-Arctic. In all places they have attained good results when bred to native mares, and there are already over one million dollars' worth of their produce in Canada. In New Brunswick, for example, Ostrich, a grandson of Bend Or, has produced one hundred and twenty-one colts in four seasons. From end to end of Quebec, Bureau sires are producing handsome colts. Ontario has been attended to from Ottawa to Algoma and south to within sight of Lake Erie. Manitoba has hundreds of these half-bred colts, and they are winning prizes all over the Province. Saskatchewan and Alberta have been looked after thoroughly, and the Bureau work has been extended into the Okanagan country in British Columbia and over the Rockies to the Pacific.

A great portion of the work in Western Canada is done by Englishmen. Many of them have served in cavalry regiments

and know what cavalymen need. Some of them hunted to hounds over here, and as soon as the young half-breds arrive there comes a call to the Bureau for hound puppies. There you see the old spirit of sport and war, and the Bureau has found it existing on the Peace River frontier, one hundred and ninety miles north of the farthest north Mounted Police post, not to speak of railway lines. Your sons, the real pioneers of Empire, are out there fighting the good fight of race expansion alone, but their love for the thorough-bred and his get has not been cooled by hardship



A THREE YEAR OLD HALF-BRED ON AN ALBERTA FARM.

and solitude. They are sportsmen and fighters at the front of Empire. Some day they may have to bear the shock which race pressure has always brought about. When that day comes they will have good horses to ride. And rest assured they will go forward, for there are two living creatures which never know when to quit—a good white man and a real thorough-bred horse.

Together they have always travelled, and where otherwise can Nature show such efficient carriers of type? Look over the list. Nature has tried the tiger, with his sharp teeth; the crocodile, with his coat of mail; the turtle, with its hard shell; the elephant, with its huge size and strength; the snake, with its poison sac; the eagle, with its flying power and rending beak; the great and the small, from the mastodon to the malaria microbe; but her greatest triumph was man and his friend, the horse. Man astride of the horse has eaten everything, slaughtered everything, conquered everything, plant and animal. He has made a "den" rug of the tiger; the tusk of the elephant he has changed into bric-à-brac; the eagle is stuffed and decorates his hall. He makes shoes out of the crocodile's hide, and the turtle is in his soup. For a time it seemed that he might be stopped by the infinitesimally small, that the microbes might stop his onward march, but these he now has sealed up in test tubes, classified and labelled. He feeds the few which are at large on debilitating serums before turning them out of his human system. Man, the embodiment of force goes over the earth arrogant and all-powerful. And the greatest conquerors among men have always advanced on horseback.

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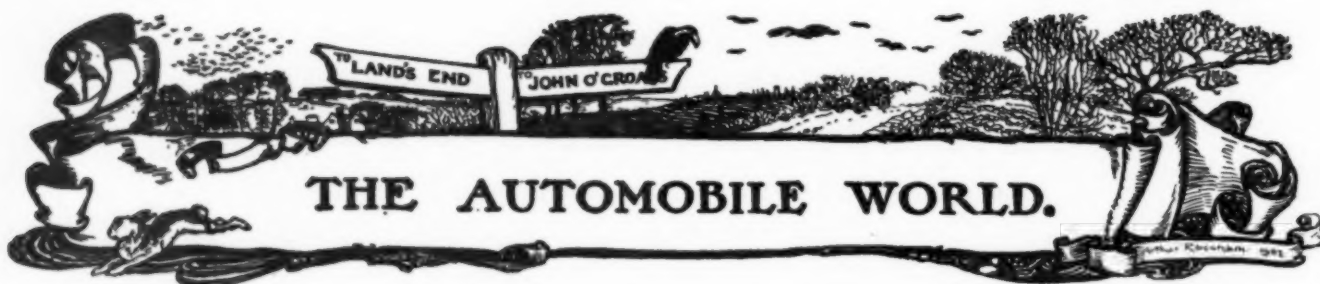
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RANDOM COMMENT.

THE misplaced energy of the police at Epping has resulted in the discovery of a serious flaw in the law relating to the lighting of motor-cycles. It has always been regarded as beyond question that the motor-cycle was exempt from the obligation to carry a rear light, and there is no doubt that the Local Government Board, when issuing its Use and Construction Order of 1904, intended so to exempt it. Apparently, legal effect was not given to this intention, though it has required the prosecution of a motor-cyclist and an expensive appeal to the Divisional Court to establish the fact. The net result of all this expenditure of time and trouble, however, is nil, as apparently the Board is about to rectify its mistake. In the meantime many thousands of motor-cyclists are placed in an uncomfortable position, though it is difficult to believe that any police authorities would be so unfair as to take advantage of the situation.

Although few people would wish to see motor-bicycles compelled to carry a rear lamp, the Local Government Board when considering its amending Order might well take into consideration the desirability of enforcing the use of "reflex" lights. Far more might be made of these ingenious devices than is at present the case, and if every motor-cyclist carried one, the example offered to others would be invaluable. The reflex light is quite efficient as a warning to an overtaking vehicle, provided the latter carries lamps of appreciable brightness, and it is surprising that motor-cyclists and ordinary cyclists, to say nothing of the owners of slow-moving carts and other vehicles, have not adopted more widely so simple and inexpensive a method of protection. Some day, no doubt, a universal lighting law will be enacted which will provide that all vehicles must carry rear lights of some sort. In the meantime a great deal can be done by voluntary effort to make the roads safer after dark.

Another case in which the police have succeeded in securing an interpretation of the law contrary to that which has been generally accepted for years past relates to the storage of motor spirit. In 1907 the Home Office under statutory powers issued regulations

for the storage of petrol. These regulations are not very clearly worded, but it has never been suggested that they applied to the fuel actually contained in the tank of a car. Recently, however, the Margate police prosecuted a motorist for contravening the storage regulations, on the ground that he kept his car in a stable over which were living rooms. The police contentions, based on the wording of the regulations, were that this constituted "storage," that as there was no substantial division between the stable and the living rooms the whole building was a storehouse, and that a storehouse must not be used as a dwelling. The whole case turned on the question whether the presence of petrol in the tank of the car made the stable a "storehouse" within the meaning of the Home Office regulations. The magistrates took the accepted view that it does not, but consented to state a case.

The Divisional Court came to the contrary decision, but expressed the opinion that the regulations, in spite of their wording, were not intended to apply to such an instance. It would appear that this decision makes illegal the use of thousands of motor houses up and down the country. In fact, I doubt if more than a very small proportion of converted stables would be found to comply with the regulations. The matter is therefore of such importance that it is of interest to quote verbatim the paragraph in the regulations which was held to apply. It is numbered 4, and reads as follows: "Where a storehouse forms part of, or is attached to another building, and where the intervening floor or partition is of an unsubstantial or highly inflammable character, or has an opening therein, the whole of such building shall be deemed to be the storehouse, and no portion of such storehouse shall be used as a dwelling or as a place where persons assemble. A storehouse shall have a separate entrance from the open air distinct from that of any dwelling or building in which persons assemble."

London motorists who keep their cars in converted stables will await developments with some trepidation. The London County Council, which is never backward in enforcing the strict letter of the law, at any rate so far as motor-car owners are concerned, has hitherto contented itself with seeing that petrol in tins



C. U. Knox.

BY THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.

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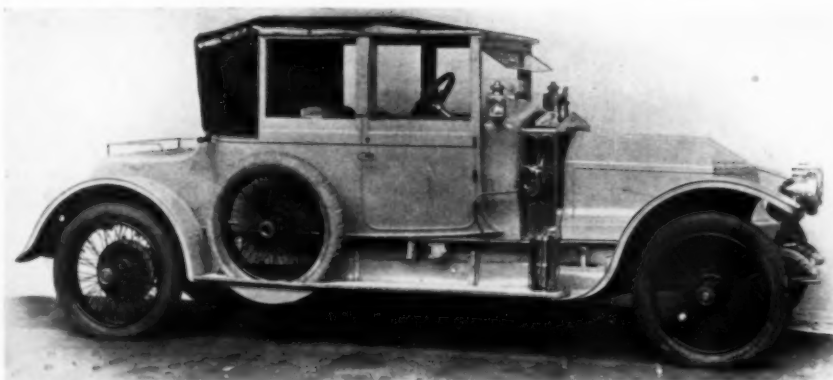
is not kept in the ordinary stable or motor-house. Accepting the usual interpretation of the Home Office regulations, it has never concerned itself with petrol in the tank of a car; but in view of the decision of the Divisional Court, a different attitude may be adopted in the future. If so, the building trade will reap a good harvest, as I should imagine that important structural alterations would be necessary in the case of nearly every stable to make it comply with the regulation before quoted. Perhaps the Home Office will intervene with an amending Order, unless it is of opinion that the new reading of paragraph 4 is no wider than is necessary for public safety.

It will be interesting to note whether those motorists who have been using benzol or second grade petrol for the first time during the past summer will continue to show the same enthusiasm for these fuels when the cold weather comes. For my own part, I have had no experience of heavy spirit except in warm weather, when starting an engine from cold seemed just as easy as when the best petrol was used. It may well be, however, that benzol and "No. 2" petrol will prove less satisfactory in this important respect when the weather is cold and damp, and if so, many motorists will return to the more expensive quality, and the demand for benzol and second grade petrol will be checked. In many instances the self-starter will relieve the motorist of any trouble in the matter, which seems an extra point in favour of a device which bids fair to become universal on up-to-date cars. In any case, owners should look to the heating of their motor-houses at this time of year, as a car which is kept in a well-warmed garage is not likely to prove very refractory when it is wanted for use in the morning. Moreover, coachwork, mechanism and tires all benefit by the exclusion of cold and damp, and the cost of a heating installation is soon repaid by the saving in labour in cleaning and polishing and lessened wear and tear.

CELER.

PRACTICAL NOTES ON THE ELECTRIC SELF-STARTER.

IN a recent article on future developments of motor-car design we ventured to predict that some form of self-starter would become practically universal on higher grade cars, and a strong predilection was expressed in favour of the electric type. A considerable number of firms, for the most part already prominent in connection with lighting equipments, have been giving the subject the closest attention, and at the forthcoming Olympia Show it is safe to predict that a very large number of innovations of this sort will be on view. We anticipate that there will be more to see, and very much more to learn, in the gallery than in the main hall, for car manufacturers are showing a reluctance to spoil the "clean" appearance of their chassis by the addition of an electric motor and the necessary transmission gear to the engine. The Paris show, at least, is a strong indication of what we may expect, and it is certain that very few makers have approached the starter question early enough in the year to embody the equipment as an integral part of their design; it remains in the majority of cases an addition for which no special



A SMART SIX-CYLINDER COUPE.

Recently supplied to a customer by the Siddeley-Deasy Motor Company.

provision has been made. Perhaps a fairer way of putting the matter would be to say that makers of starting equipments, having had an enormous amount of experimental work to face, have not been able to put a standardised equipment before car manufacturers in time to enable it to be really properly embodied with the chassis. It is for this reason we have recommended the gallery rather than the main hall to the visitor to Olympia really interested in starting systems. On the actual cars, it is true, he will find much to interest him in the various methods of application of the self-starter; but one should turn to the accessory stands in the gallery for technical information and descriptions of the different types, just as in that portion of the show more may be learned about magnetos than is to be gathered on the car stands.

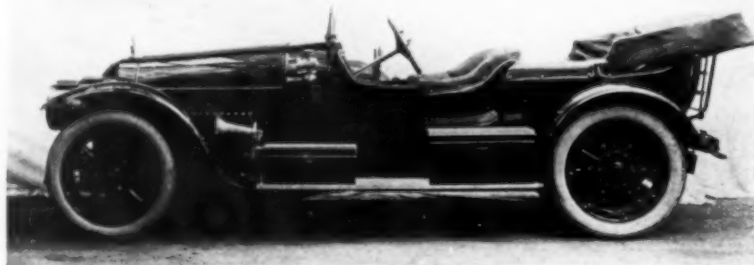
Meanwhile readers may be interested in the practical side of

the self-starter, and the following notes deal with points we have observed during a series of experiments on certain cars. On first acquaintance with the average starting equipment one is struck with the insignificant size of the motor, and it is really astonishing that it can develop sufficient torque to move an engine and swing it over its first compression. However, what the electric starter lacks in size it makes up in weight, for motor and battery together, inclusive of wiring, gearing, voltmeter, ammeter, etc., weigh quite a hundredweight. Generally speaking, the best equipments now on the market are quite adequate for any engine of about 20 h.p. R.A.C. rating, and they are capable of dealing with engines of about 30 h.p. R.A.C. rating under favourable conditions. Very few, I think, could be relied upon to start a motor of that size on a cold morning, when thick lubricating oil holds the pistons.

On the whole, American starters seem to be somewhat ahead of the productions of other countries, and it is interesting to note that they work at extremely low voltage. Most American starting motors are designed for use with a three-cell accumulator, that is to say, six volts, while products of this country and France are usually designed for 10 volts or 12 volts. This is rather surprising when one considers the enormous current such a low voltage machine must take to develop the requisite power; probably, however, the reason is that a three-cell battery can be made lighter than a six-cell battery of equal capacity. Again, it may be an easier matter to design the winding and insulation of a low voltage motor than one of higher voltage. Whatever the reason, Americans have certainly favoured low voltage, and the results attained have been highly satisfactory.

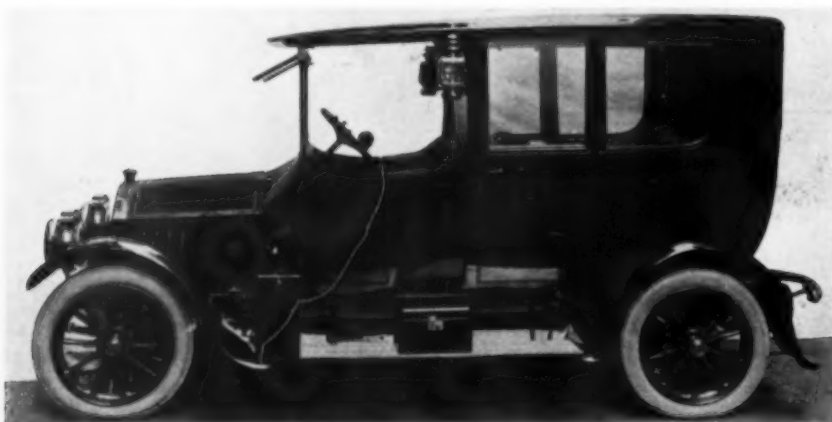
One of these six-volt American motors we have seen turns a 20 h.p. (R.A.C. rating) engine of high compression and fairly long stroke at 120 revolutions per minute, amply sufficient for starting on magneto. It was geared down to the flywheel in a ratio of about 20 to 1, and absorbed a current of nearly 200 amperes. It was taking, therefore, over 1½ electrical horse power, and with due allowance for loss of electric and mechanical efficiency, it may be said that the engine required over 1 h.p. to turn it—in itself an interesting figure to obtain.

This particular starter weighs about 60 lb., the accumulator battery about the same, the



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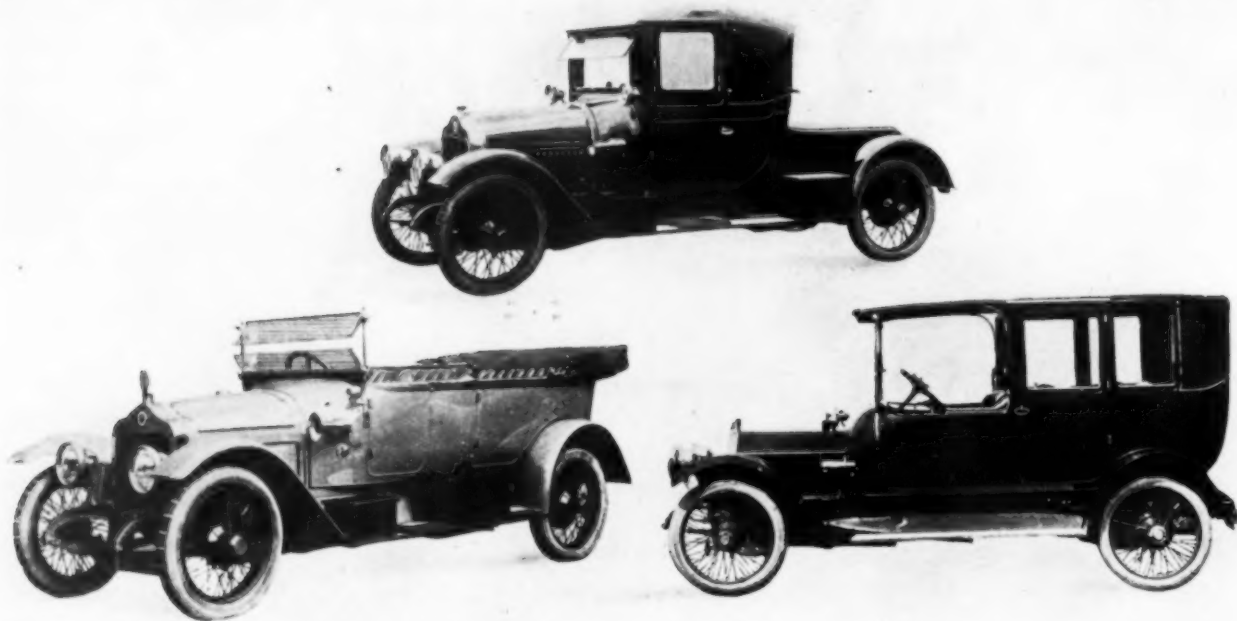
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so that the complete equipment would not be far short of 1½ cwt., or the weight of a passenger. It is interesting to note that this same apparatus could just start a 30 h.p. (R.A.C. rating) engine on magneto. The engine revolutions were about eighty-five per minute, which seems somewhere near the minimum speed at which a magneto will give a spark in a high-compression engine. In this connection it is safe to assume that a six cylinder engine would be easier to start than a four cylinder, because the magneto would be geared higher, and would therefore give a spark at lower revolutions of the engine, say sixty revolutions per minute.

Well over 2 h.p. was absorbed in starting the 30 h.p. engine above mentioned, and it is remarkable that so much can be obtained out of a small electric motor about 8 in. diameter by 9 in. long.

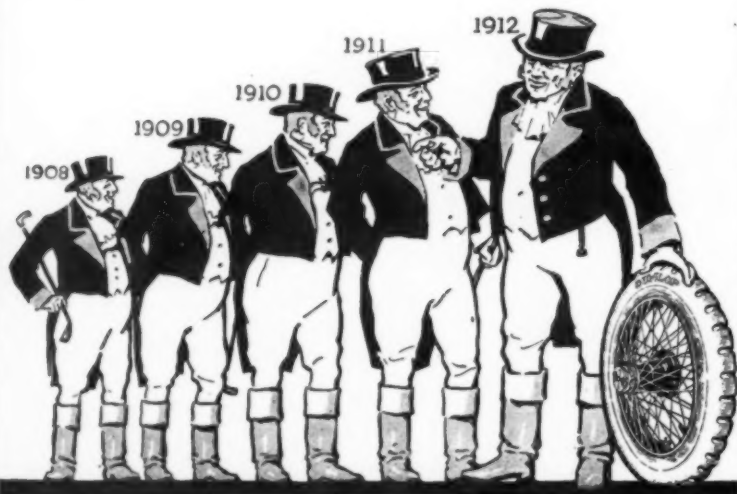
We must confess, however, that while admiring the motor we have misgivings as to the life of the accumulator. Electrical engineers are accustomed to regard a ten-hour charge or discharge rate as the maximum current that can be put into or taken from an accumulator without damage; that is to say, a battery of fifty ampere hours' capacity should not be called upon to receive or give a current of more than five amperes.

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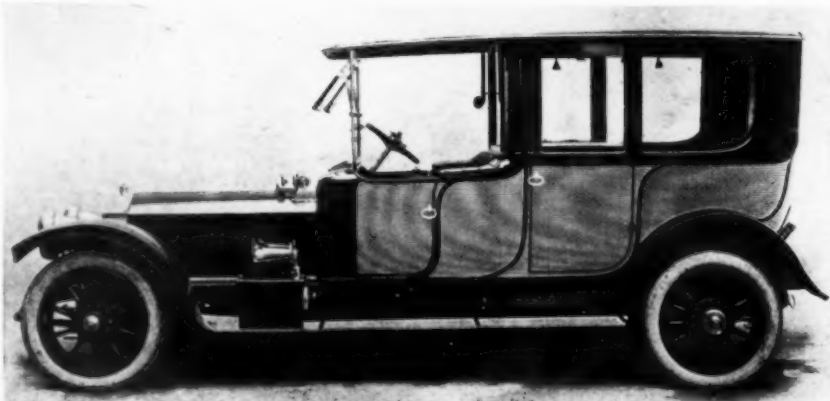
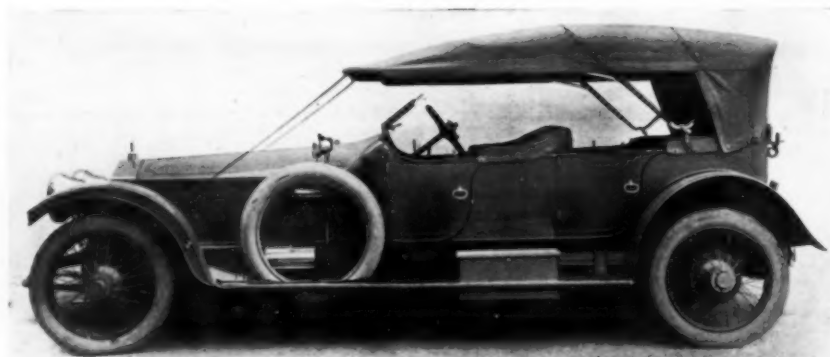
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The capacity of the battery supplied with the starting motor just discussed was not stated, but from the size of the cells we do not think it can possibly have exceeded eighty ampere-hours, yet, at times, the discharge exceeded 250 amperes, which means that the battery would be discharged in about twenty minutes instead of the theoretical ten hours. How long it would stand this treatment we do not know. Obviously, the difficulty could be got over by using a battery of very much larger capacity, but then the weight would become prohibitive.

To sum up these results in plain language, the electric self-starter has now reached a stage at which it can deal with the largest engines ordinarily met with, provided the conditions are not too severe, but at the expense of the weight of a passenger, and the probability of a good deal of trouble with the accumulators. Moreover, as these starting motors are not, for the most part, capable of acting as dynamos, there must be added to the electrical equipment the ordinary lighting dynamo used for charging purposes. Obviously, therefore, the self-starter is as yet in an early stage of development; in its final form the flywheel will certainly be turned into a motor-dynamo—in one car at least it is already used in that way. The weight of this machine will probably not exceed that of the ordinary flywheel, so that the weight of starting motor and lighting dynamo are practically eliminated, making it permissible to use an accumulator battery of very considerable capacity.

THE OLYMPIA EXHIBITION.

THE annual exhibition organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders at Olympia opens on Friday next, November 7th, and will remain open until the following Saturday week, November 15th. The show, which is under the patronage of His Majesty the King, is the twelfth of the series, and from every indication seems likely to attract the same widespread interest as its predecessors. As usual, the demands for space by firms in the trade have largely exceeded the room available, the actual number of stands being 349, of which 119 will be occupied by the



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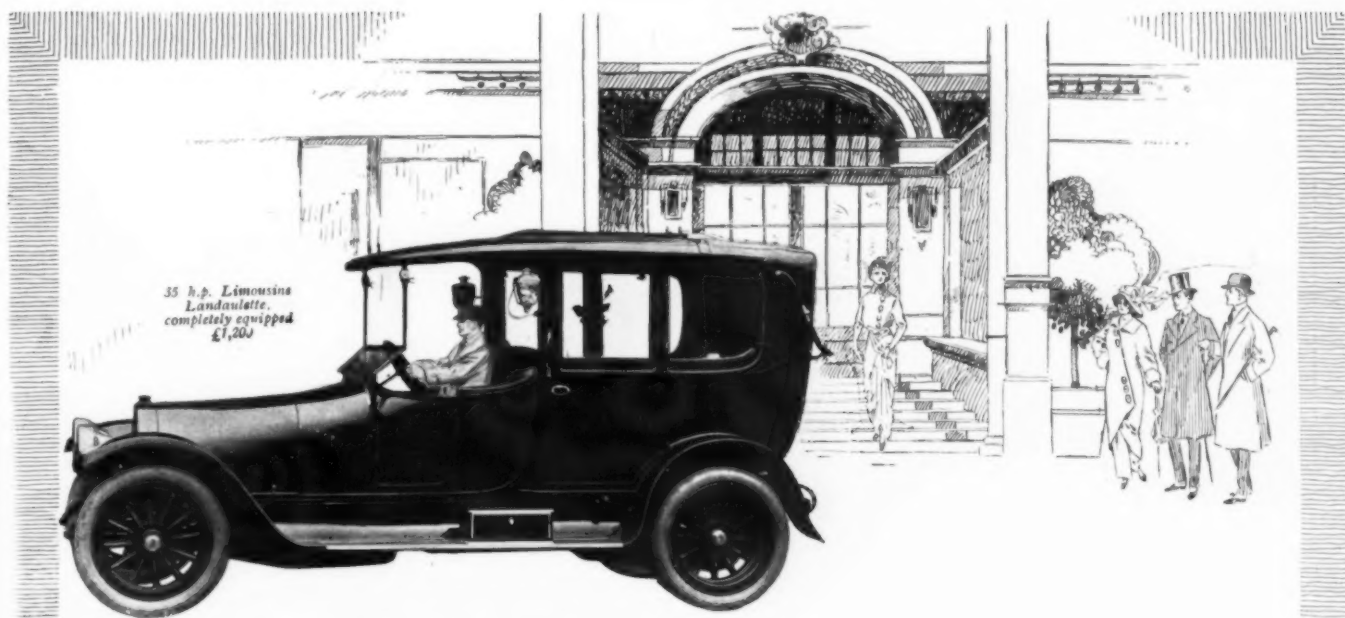


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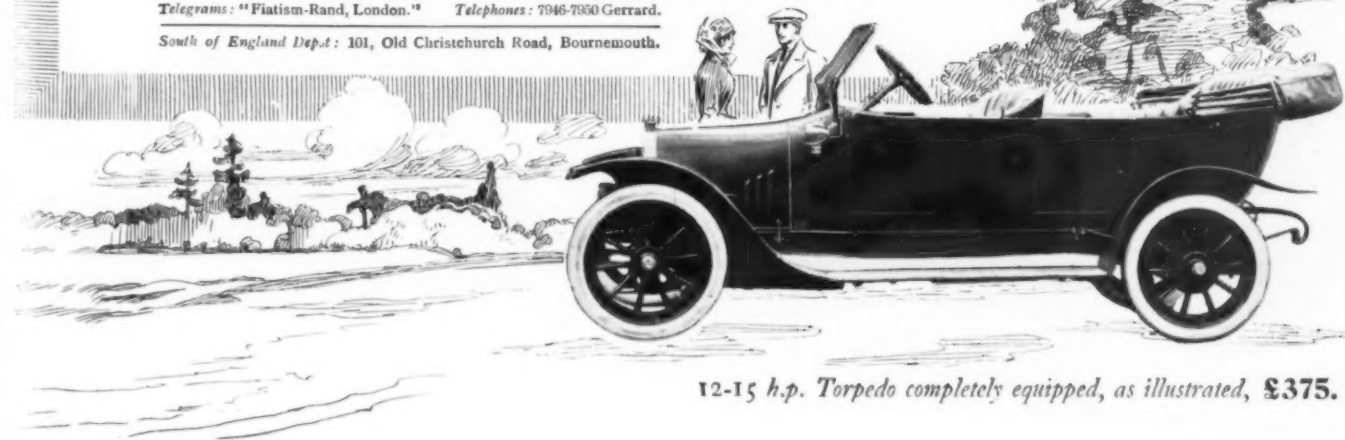
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which of late years has attained almost alarming proportions and has interfered seriously with the business side of the show. The policy, often advocated, of raising the prices of admission has not been adopted, the price remaining at 1s. except on the Tuesday and Thursday, when, up to 6 p.m., the charges will be 2s. 6d. and 5s. respectively. The next issue of COUNTRY LIFE will contain a Show Supplement, in which the principal exhibits will be described and illustrated. In addition there will be a number of articles of special interest to prospective purchasers and other visitors to Olympia.

AN AID TO NIGHT-DRIVING.

No more serious danger confronts the motorist after dark than the dazzling headlights of the cars he meets on the road. Many attempts have been made to lessen the danger by concentrating the rays in such a manner that they cannot inconvenience the drivers of other vehicles; but the perfect anti-dazzling lamp, if it exists at all, is seldom seen on the road. Mr. Henry Sturmeay has now tackled the problem in an entirely novel manner, and there seems to be good reason to hope that he has arrived at a satisfactory and simple solution. His idea is to prevent the dazzling rays reaching the eyes of the driver by means of a screen attached to the peak of the cap. Mr. Sturmeay has found that the rays which are responsible for the blinding effect upon the retina are those at the violet end of the spectrum, and he meets the difficulty by providing a special transparent xonite screen tinted to the colour required. When meeting a car at night the transparent peak of the cap is pulled



A 16—20 H.P. WOLSELEY CABRIOLET AT NORTON.

down over the eyes and the glare of the approaching headlight is converted into a pink haze, with a bright red spot representing the centre of the light. Directly the car has passed, one touch of the hand raises the peak again, and the driver finds that his eyes have been in no way affected by the glare. The caps are to be placed on the market by Messrs. Bramco, Limited, of Coventry at a reasonable price.

THE SIZAIRE-BERWICK.

An exhibit which attracted a great amount of attention at the Paris Show was the new Sizaire-Berwick car. Every part of the chassis appeared to be the result of careful forethought, and the details generally were sound and workmanlike, yet not wanting in originality. Rapidly summarising the main features of the chassis, we may say that the bore and stroke of the motor are respectively 90m.m. by 160m.m. The ignition is by Bosch magneto, with Lodge plugs. As indicating the scale of the chassis, it may be said that the wheel-base is one of 11ft. 3in., with a track of 4ft. 8in. Very long back springs are fitted, of the inverted type directly beneath the frame. The live axle is not only a fine piece of work, but is free from the disability common to the majority of axles, namely, the difficulty of affixing a jack on the road. Powerful brakes are fitted, with ribbed drums cut from the solid, and the often advocated, but seldom realised, method of making the foot brake act upon the rear wheels, and the side brake upon the cardan shaft is adopted. The adjustment of the former is effected by a large butterfly nut outside the frame. Aluminium shoes are fitted to this brake, while the other has a Ferodo lining, and the drum is also fitted with "scavengers," or hollow triangular

C.D.C.



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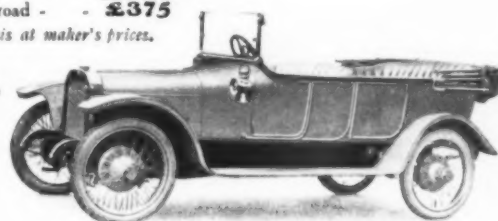
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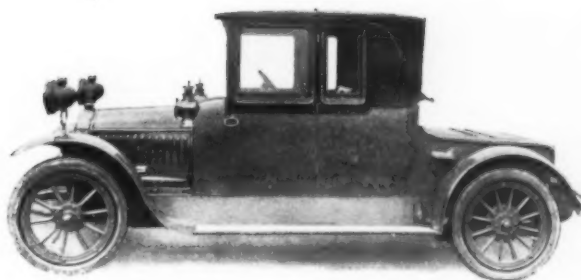
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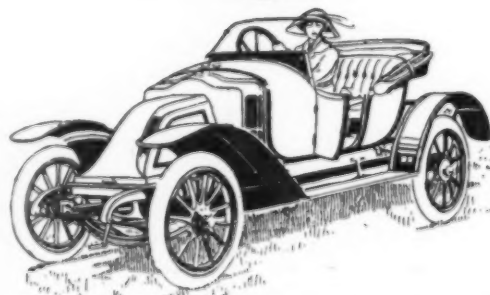
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ITEMS.

One of the steepest and most dangerous hills in the country is Beggar's Roost, on the road between Simonsbath and Lynton. At one place the gradient is 1 in 3½, with an atrocious surface, and many a motorist, ignorant of the locality, has found himself faced by this formidable hill and unable to turn back owing to the narrowness of the road. The R.A.C. has now erected a warning notice at Hillsford Bridge where the road forks, leading in one direction to Lynmouth and in the other to Lynton, *via* the Beggar's Roost, so that motorists who are doubtful of the hill-climbing capacity of their cars will be able to choose the former route.

Another series of records has fallen to the 25 h.p. Talbot, which will be remembered as the first car to travel 100 miles in an hour. Driven again by Mr. Percy Lambert on the Brooklands Track on Monday last, the following new times were set up: Ten laps in 15min. 3'27sec., which works out at 110'27 miles per hour;

fifty miles in 27min. 2'23sec. or 110.96 miles per hour; and fifty kilometres in 16min. 52'72sec., or 177.74 kilometres an hour. Palmer Cord tires were used in the trial.

Immediately upon the recent decision of the Divisional Court that motor-cycles must carry a red light at the rear, the Auto-Cycle Union communicated with the Local Government Board. The Union is now authorised to state that the Board is carefully considering the effect of the decision on the Board's circular of March 10th, 1904, which states as follows: "The lamps on motor-cycles remain as heretofore regulated by Section 85 of the Local

Government Act, 1888." That section merely provides for a white light in front, and it is therefore obvious that the Board did not intend that motor-cycles should carry a red rear light. The Auto-Cycle Union is urging on the Local Government Board the desirability of issuing an amending Order.

We have received an interesting booklet illustrating and describing the advantages of Triplex Safety Glass for windows and screens. Not infrequently the most serious results of a motor accident are caused by the splintered glass, and any invention calculated to lessen the risk is to be specially welcomed. Triplex glass consists of two sheets of glass with a thin, tough sheet of xylonite sandwiched between the two with glucose as an adhesive. The combination is of surprising strength and toughness, and capable of resisting heavy blows without fracture. In circumstances when ordinary glass would be shattered into dozens of pieces and scattered in all directions, the Triplex glass is merely starred and splintered without causing injury to those on the car.

The Ford prices for 1914 are: Runabout, £125; touring car, £135; town car or landaulet, £180; all fully equipped in every respect.

By accident the titles of two of the illustrations in last week's "Automobile World" were transposed, the 30 h.p., 1914 six-cylinder Sheffield Simplex being described as the Sizaire-Berwick chassis and *vice-versa*.



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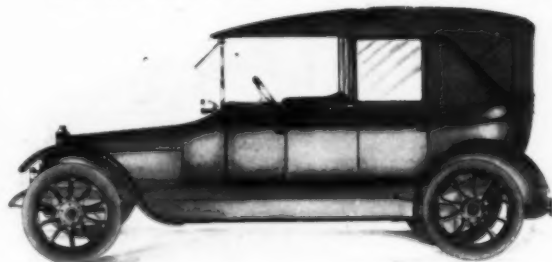
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(See "Country Life," Oct. 4th,
page 175.)

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THE MOST DIFFICULT SHOT IN THE WORLD.

A CORRESPONDENT signing himself "Heather" in COUNTRY LIFE for October 18th indirectly raises yet again the many times vexed question of the most difficult shot that a bird can give. It is only indirectly that he raises it, for while he pleads for the "November grouse driven with a forty mile gale behind it to a butt hidden immediately behind a hillock," that it follows closely, in its difficulty, "the pheasant gliding down on outspread wings," he still allows to that elusive vol-planing performance the first prize for difficulty. And so must we all, unless we look for the very exceptional cases—such as that second barrel shot at teal when a first barrel has sent the little duck twisting up in all strange directions. But, after all is said, there is, for sheer impossibility of killing, except by a lucky chance, only one bird, surely, and that is the woodcock as we now and again see him coming down some steep hillside, woodland of the West Country, or other mountainous and wooded district. As he comes down, corkscrewing between the stems of the trees, it is really quite impossible to say in what direction of flight the immediately next instant may not find him. Of course, there is no possible idea of "following on" or "swinging with" a bird thus twisting; but not even the snappiest of shots can be quick enough to anticipate the speed and change of direction of his flight as he dodges to avoid the tree stems. It is not often, thus, that the woodcock comes to us, but when he does it is very seldom indeed that he does not go from us unscathed as he came.

THE NOVEMBER GROUSE, GALE-DRIVEN.

As for our correspondent's comment about the November grouse gale-driven to "a butt hidden almost immediately behind a hillock," certainly he is right in saying that "the man who secures his 'right and left' when grouse are driven under these conditions

is no mean performer," but at the same time it may be noted that as a rule, which always comes as a new surprise to us, we find men making much better practice at grouse thus driven to a butt "immediately behind a hillock" than to one which gives them time for much more deliberate preparation for the shot. It sounds paradoxical, but it is the most frequent case, that the less notice the "gun" has of the bird's coming, the better account he will give of it when it does come. We all know that, and we all know, too, the lesson that it ought to teach us, namely, that our natural fault is to dwell just an instant too long on the aim. For that, of course, is the difference when the butt is so placed that we do not catch a sight of the bird until the very moment when we should be up with the gun and at him, we have no time for this undue dwelling on the aim. Therefore, we often surprise ourselves by the admirable shots that we make in these circumstances. And, again, when there is plenty of time for preparation, we no less often surprise ourselves by missing comparatively easy shots. We ought to lay this hint to our hearts, and shoot more quickly. That is the lesson. But it is one thing to realise the meaning of the lesson and quite another to make a practical profit out of it.

A BAD STALKING SEASON.

I DO not propose in this article to deal in detail with the results of the past season's deer-stalking. It may, however, prove interesting to examine into the causes which led up to these results. Stalkers whose experience of the Highlands exceeds mine by many years are unanimous in stating that they consider it about the worst season they ever remember. The usual nonsense was talked in July as to the forward condition of the stags and their quick recovery from the effects of the winter. One paper went so far as to say that excellent sport was anticipated with haunch



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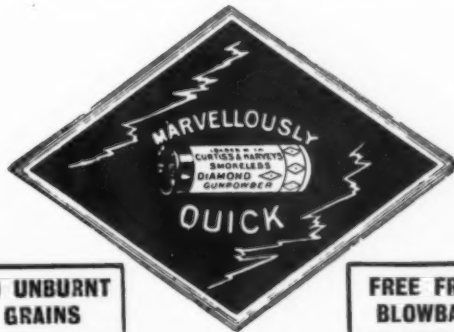
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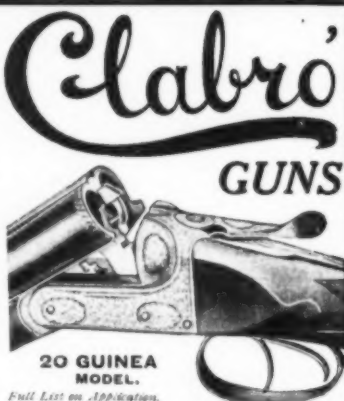
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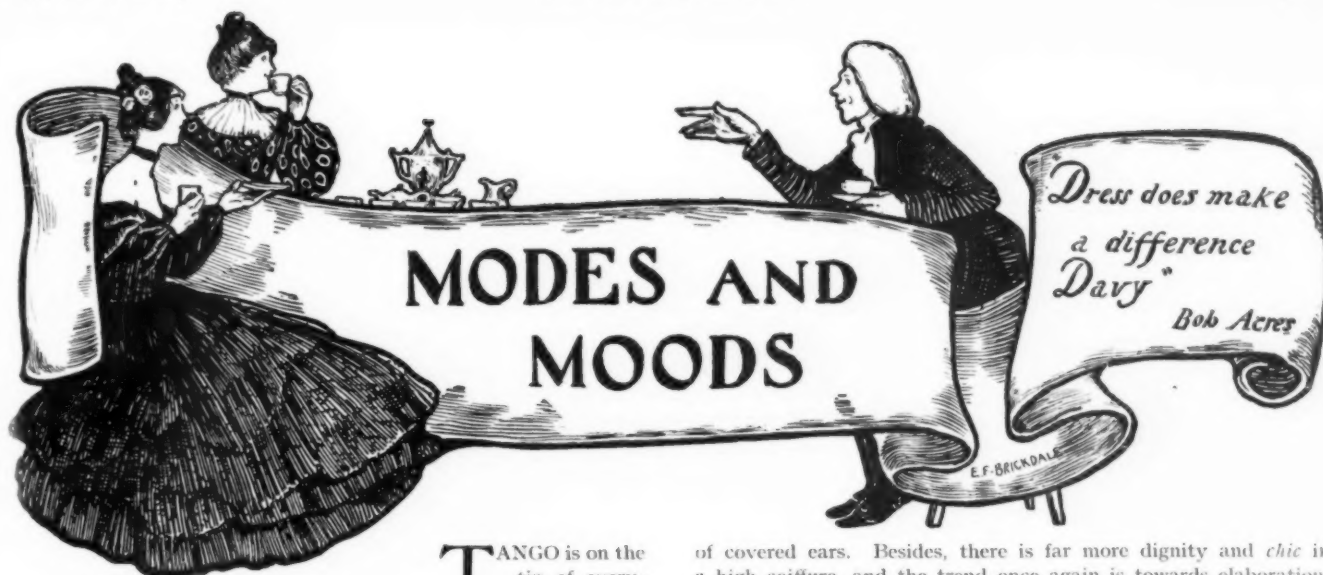
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and horn, as the breeding season had been a good one! No one who takes an interest in the sport thought the season would be anything but a bad one. The West Coast suffered more severely than other localities, and an enormous number of deer died as well as sheep. In one large forest I saw the head of a beautiful roya which, had it been killed this month, might fairly claim to be the best head of the season. In this same forest a good thirteen-pointer also died, besides a large number of inferior stags. Next door fifty-three dead stags were found, and so the tale continues all over the North of Scotland. Certainly, from one point of view, last winter was not an unmixed evil, for it cleared off a lot of weedy, unhealthy deer. Unfortunately, though these were the chief victims, a large number of yearlings died. The proprietor of one of the island forests writes as follows: "One serious matter which will affect the forest in years to come is that the bad winter killed practically all the calves, and this year one hardly saw any yearlings at all." This is true of many places on the mainland; but, so far as immediate results are concerned, the death of many fine adult stags is the most serious feature of the season. Last year hinds remained in condition until very late; indeed, a stalker of my acquaintance heard a stag roaring on Christmas Day, the consequence being that just as the worst period of the winter was approaching, all the best stags were at their lowest in point of condition. The continuous rain and wet, alternating with spells of severe cold, gave them no chance to recover from the effects of the rut, and hundreds died. The spring grasses, it is true, were early; but that the deer had not recovered from the effects of the winter by the time their new horns started to grow is shown from the miserable brows which are a marked feature of many of the heads.

In another island forest two hundred and ten dead beasts were accounted for. Of these, seventy-three were calves, eighty-eight hinds and the remainder stags and yearlings. Yet here the condition of the stags was particularly good this season, so quickly did they recover. Indeed, taken all round, the weights this year are good, and, to quote the owner of more than one forest, "The condition of the stags was wonderful." In no instance, however, that I have come across did a stag which was recognised carry a better head this year than last. The most striking feature of an abnormal season was the extraordinary backwardness of the deer, consequent, no doubt, on the lateness of the hinds last year and the slow recovery from the trying winter. I have never seen stags so late, either in cleaning or in joining the hinds. As illustrating this, big, full-grown, shootable stags were seen in the velvet so late as September 25th, and in forests where stalking usually finishes on October 8th or 10th, it was extended to the 15th and 17th. So far as the condition of the deer themselves went, it might easily have been continued for another fortnight. Stags did not roar freely until well into October, and at the beginning of the month the big stags which ought to have been with the hinds were still lurking in retirement, while their places were taken by emulous youngsters whose proper place was the nursery.

On even indifferent ground the presence of hinds in mid-October usually implies that some shootable stags are not far off. This year, so late as October 10th, I saw hinds in lots of thirty and forty without any stag at all, and Mr. Straker tells me that at Cluanie, at the end of September, he saw over a hundred stags in one herd, many of them big, heavy beasts, and hardly one ever roaring. The weather, almost up to the end of the stalking season, was very mild and warm, while the prevalence of east winds cleared many a beat of every beast on it, and rendered the stalking of others so complex as to keep the stalker at home. Whether or no the ground adjoining such beats has profited in proportion to their loss, I have not yet had an opportunity of ascertaining, though it would seem to be the logical sequence. That the wind has affected very seriously the numbers and weights of many forests I do know. In the majority of the best forests all young, promising stags were spared, and switches and other vermin shot. It is a pity that a switch is not looked upon as vermin everywhere and allowed to be shot without inclusion in the limit. This custom prevails in many places, and is an important point to be attended to in nursing a place.

I saw somewhere the other day a note with regard to stalking. The writer "supposed that of all sports deer-stalking was easily the cruellest." He gives no reasons for his supposition, and it would be interesting to ascertain them. Why should deer-stalking be any more cruel than grouse-shooting, or even fox-hunting? Deer-driving, I think, is cruel, unless conducted in a very exceptional manner, for the risk of deer getting away wounded is increased. All sport in a sense is cruel, but I do not quite follow why stalking should be dubbed as "easily the cruellest." The unknown scribbler goes on to explain that it is also most exhilarating, "especially when Providence sends a soft shower or two of rain to simplify the going"! FRANK WALLACE.



TANGO is on the tip of everyone's tongue just now, although it is still something of a question whether Society, with a big "S," will really take up these wonderfully graceful dances. For the Tango is difficult, and takes time to learn. On the other hand, there is no doubt at all but that dancing of every description is the vogue again. Akin to everything else, however, it is approaching one of the fine arts. To listen to a group of young enthusiasts—as it is frequently my role and pleasure to do—discuss the various double and triple Bostons, the correct *couste* of the Tango and all the rest of the shibboleth, is a liberal education in respect of the poetry of motion. Personally, I feel every encouragement should be given to this revived interest in dancing, and those of us who have perforce to stand aside and observe should likewise be sparing in our criticisms over the modern fancy of only dancing with a few chosen partners. Naturally, this is waived when social exigencies step in, but where dancing is taken seriously—and it is taken very seriously in some quarters—the hostesses who are wise will shake themselves free of old rules and conventions and step with the times. Oh! this stepping with the times! What a momentous question it is in more directions than merely dancing. But I must resist the temptation to ramble on over the upbringing and education of children, the handling of modern domestics and the hundred-and-one other vitally interesting questions that enter nowadays into every thinking woman's life, and discuss the charming little Tango tea frock which has been selected as the subject of the first sketch this week. The chief essentials of such a possession are coolness, lightness and as much freedom at the hem of the skirt as is compatible with the requisite slim appearance. There is one particular sort of curtsying step in the dance that can be rendered most inelegant in a skirt that does not permit of expansion. The long sweep of the leg at the back inevitably sends a tight skirt slipping upwards, whereas a slit either in front or back—preferably, I think, the latter—entirely obviates this mishap. And for drawing-room dancing certainly a slim petticoat of plissé chiffon adds materially to a dainty and refined appearance. A close inspection of our picture will reveal how generous is the fold over of the divided fronts, and when these part there is shown the sweetest jupon, not of plissé chiffon in this instance, but of filmy lace finished with the lightest ruche of soft silk. But of the existence of this adjunct I must ask you to take my word, because it has not been found possible to introduce it in the sketch. The skirt is of *charmeuse*, in a delicate banana shade, sometimes called pinkish-beige, to which the chiffon used for the three-tier tunic is toned, the lowest of the three stitched with a finger's depth of brown fur. The little kimono corsage is also of *charmeuse*, the long revers with its deep, shaped frill of the chiffon trimmed with the same finger's depth of fur, while the little crossed fichu is of tulle. For the belt there is requisitioned a lovely Egyptian blue satin ribbon embossed with velvet flowers, the drapery of this dropping lower over the left hip, while a cleverly adjusted end falls down and finishes the back, a cluster of deep Damask Roses being thrust into the folds in front. Apart from the frock itself, the figure is worth studying; it is so delightfully representative of the graceful woman of the moment, who adopts the prevailing modes without exaggeration.

The coiffure, too, merits notice, the hair brought smoothly over the head and carried to a high line. In Paris the hair is being taken off the forehead, almost *à la Pompadour*, and the ears are being once again shown. This, I am sure, will be good news to many who have suffered bravely from the inconvenience

of covered ears. Besides, there is far more dignity and *chic* in a high coiffure, and the trend once again is towards elaboration. The Rossetti coil low down in the neck, and the plaited ear-pads, anyone can arrange, whereas it takes an artist to conjure into being the right line of a piled-up coiffure. To quote Paris again, there is a very craze there for grey hair. For choice, however, and by subterfuges known only to the leading *coiffeurs*, the grey *nuance* is kept exclusively to the front, which naturally gives rise to



A FROCK FOR TANGO TEAS.

the surmise whether we are, by chance, verging once again on *poudre*.

A detail that attracts me greatly, both in connection with the smarter type of afternoon frock and also evening toilettes, is the long, transparent, "bishop" sleeve. In a recent beautiful trousseau brought under my notice, the bride and bridesmaids all had these sleeves introduced into their dresses; also the bride's sister, who wore a perfectly exquisite gown of amethyst velvet, which was carried above the waist in square bib form over a corsage of lace as frail as a cobweb and tinted to a delicate mud shade. I am afraid that description scarcely sounds pretty; but no one seems to have exactly the right appellation for this particular tint of lace. I have only myself once met it, arrived at by natural, or, perhaps, I should say unnatural, means, as the circumstances were sad. It fell to my lot to turn out a cupboard in an old house that was being broken up, and there I came across a cardboard box, full of what appeared to be a quantity of priceless lace. I experienced a moment only of supreme delight, for the first piece I attempted to pick out with reverent fingers floated away into dust. Long years of damp and dust had done the corrupting deed, but the colour was precisely that of the lace just now in vogue. One need scarcely add that it is adorably becoming—far more so than the hard white, which is still being so persistently shown in the adjustable fichus and jabots. That the leading *couturières* are through with the latter is, however, assured. In the recent Royal trousseau the newer tinted net and lace was quite a feature.

It is as surely true of a practical thing as of a beautiful thing that it is a joy for ever. And this certainly holds for the "Duffle" coat designed and made by H. J. Nicoll and Co., 114, Regent Street. The "Duffle" can be had in either camel-hair fleece or "Nicoll" cloth, and the style of the wrap is shown in the accompanying sketch. Since its first appearance the model has been subjected to various slight alterations. Originally the back fell perfectly straight, whereas now there is an adjustable band and glorious patch pockets. The buttoned-back fronts, however, remain as they were, since it would be impossible to improve on so admirable a scheme, these fastening over when occasion requires and forming a double breast. Nicoll's have a most wonderful range of colours in camel-hair fleece as well as the natural hue, which is as much in vogue as ever by reason of its dust-resisting qualities. The practical wrap question at Messrs. H. J. Nicoll's, however, is attacked throughout in the most masterly fashion, and there is no more exhaustive choice to be found anywhere.

The coming event of the Motor Show is casting its shadows before. Not only are the firms who are specially interested in motoring garb girding up their loins, but the universal emporiums are preparing to enter gallantly into the spirit of the coming hour. Among other interesting innovations to cross my line of vision is a motor veil with split ends. The only marvel is that it was never thought of before; the idea is so good and yet so simple. It is not quite easy to describe, but the point lies in half the veil being

always securely tied beneath the chin, while the other half can be flung back over the hat or dropped over the face as required. Then, for wearing with a little close-fitting cap, into which all the hair is securely tucked away, there is a small chiffon veil, run top and bottom on to an elastic passed through a slot, which fastens at the back with clips, and can be donned and doffed in a moment. In this there is quite a good deal of clever modelling, the top naturally having a greater girth than the base. Their size renders these veils so handy, as when not in use they can be slipped into the smallest pocket; while somewhat similar are some ordinary black or white riding veils, a really capital contrivance that is not at all likely to be exclusively monopolised by the fair equestrienne.

The house-proud woman is every bit as keen about setting her house in order for the winter season as the spring, an entirely

fresh scheme of decoration being usually indulged in for the dark days and devastating influence of fires, which spell ruin to pretty light chintzes and furnishing draperies. Wherefore will a very warm welcome be accorded a charming brochure recently brought out by Messrs. Hampton, dealing in an exhaustive and illuminating fashion with their newest and most fascinating productions. Supreme care has been exercised by the authorities to bring the book up to the very summit of perfection, both illustrations and descriptive matter leaving nothing to the imagination. The beautiful fabrics disclosed are faithfully coloured reproductions, and in several instances the actual material itself is given. A small sample of Hampton's "Trafalgar" plush, for example, a wonderful fabric, 52in. wide, and 2s. 11d. the yard, will be found in close proximity with a lovely jaspé satin, quite the latest fancy for window draperies, and only 3s. 11d. the yard; while close at hand comes the "Bijou" damask at 5s. 11d., Hampton's inimitable "Bradford" wool-serge at 1s. 6½d., and several other leading and seasonable fabrics. Beautiful alike in colouring and design is the "Blythwood" tapestry, 52in. wide, at 3s. 11d. the yard. This has much the appearance of a heavy needlework, and is a particularly strong durable weave, the "Bettsworth" being another charming tapestry, an exact replica of a seventeenth century Jacobean design specially recommended for oak-panelled rooms. The

"Tregenna," a beautiful Italian Renaissance brocade, is shown in a lovely shade of rose with silver design, Hampton's also have it with either a blue or mauve ground at 14s. 6d. the yard. The "Kingscourt" is a copy of a brocade now at the Cluny Museum, Paris, an exquisite design wrought on a cream ground; while in quite a different vein is the "Gleneldon" brocade, the latter a concession to the great demand that now prevails for Chinese effects. The illustrations also include printed saten and satin down quilts, blankets, carpets and the "Newcome" easy-chair, all realistically coloured, and in every way affording the greatest assistance to Messrs. Hampton's clients who are unable to pay a personal visit to Pall Mall, while, at the same time, as a work of art it cannot fail to prove pleasurable reading to all and everyone interested in the Home Beautiful.

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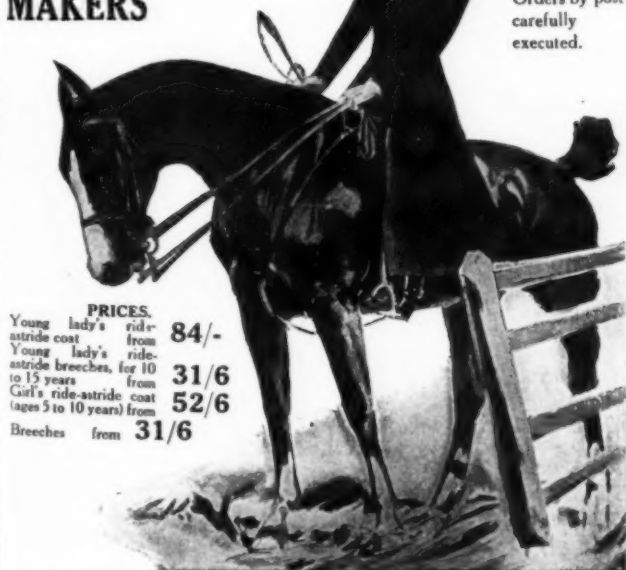
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THE BRAMHAM MOOR.

THIS historic pack has been as much affected as any by the changes which time brings with it, and almost year by year Leeds encroaches on the territory of the Hunt. The Bramham Moor is one of those packs which unity of management has enabled to be largely contributory to the excellence of the modern foxhound, and some famous strains of blood are derived from these kennels, notably Sailor; and other famous hounds will have been found most useful in other kennels. The neighbourhood of Leeds has forced on the committee the necessity of capping; yet the Bramham Moor is still a fortunate country. Peter Fareilly, the huntsman, who was a Quorn whipper-in, was, I believe, offered and refused the Belvoir huntsman's place, but was contented both with the advantages and the sport of the Yorkshire pack. Like their neighbours in the York and Ainsty, they have found cubs forward and strong this season, but scent has not always favoured them any more than their neighbours; yet it has been, on the whole, a good cub-hunting season.

LORD MIDDLETON'S HOUNDS.

One of the best gallops of the week was with Lord Middleton's from Leppington Wood. The results of Bishopp's good work among the cubs earlier in the autumn was manifest at once. Hounds were no sooner in the wood than they spoke. At the familiar notes the foxes grasped the situation and went away at once. Without delay the hounds got together. Quickly and prettily they turned with their fox, skirting the village of Leavingham. But the fox knew where he was going, and set his mask for Bordsall and the impregnable head of earths there, which he reached with not very much to spare after a capital spin of some fifteen minutes. People rode to hounds, too, showing that forgetfulness of blind ditches which pace, and only pace, can produce. This is one of the many good mornings among the cubs they have had, and, in common with other Yorkshire packs, they look forward to a successful season.

THE SHIRES.

Many years have passed since I lived in the Atherstone country. It is one of the countries which has altered very little since I first saw it, and remains a pleasant one to hunt and ride over. I was struck with two things—one, the quickness of the hounds to respond to the Master's voice and horn; as one so often sees, the keenness of the huntsman is reflected in the pack. Of course, we all know what an excellent pack Mr. Gerald Hardy left. The Atherstone were able to sell sixteen couples of dog hounds, picked by himself, to Lord Leconfield, and yet have a more than useful pack. I believe Lord Leconfield has never repented of his purchase. The other point I noted was the way the foxes went away, showing that the cub-hunting had been thorough. Sport in the Atherstone, as in the Cottesmore, depends on the thoroughness with which cub-hunting is done. I had the good luck to see both dogs and bitches. The former had a really fair scent, as times go, to work with round Kirkby. They drove the cubs about, and appeared full of music and very resolute, as one likes to see in dog hounds. The bitches had lots of foxes but a very variable scent. They, too, hunted well. They were several times in the open. They cast themselves very sharply and prettily when they lost the line, but came quickly to the Master when he took them in hand. Mr. Bertram Hardy is to be Field Master, and he will, no doubt, be very useful in keeping a keen field off the backs of hounds. We want in all Hunts, I know, a Field Master to look after the tail of the Hunt and keep them out of mischief; but where will the man be found who will volunteer for such a post?

THE QUORN.

On Monday I found myself outside Botany Bay, and then pushing about in the covert to see hounds at work. This is a very pretty foxy covert. The road to Tilton passes between the hill known to song and story as the Coplow Wood, called Botany Bay. I have known these coverts for a good many years, and they vary a good deal at different times in sustaining their character as fox coverts. But if they have plenty of foxes, the neighbouring coverts will be certain, later in the season, to be fairly sure finds, and Ingarsby and Cold Newton will profit by the abundance of Botany Bay. This is not a very extensive place, but, like most Leicestershire coverts, the undergrowth is very thick, and a fox has all the best of it unless there is, as there has seldom been lately, a first-rate scent. However, hounds kept working the cubs round the wood, and picked up a bob-tailed fox. The hounds were very keen and worked hard, and Leaf blooded them well before they left the covert.

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AN INTERESTING LETTER from the late CAPTAIN SCOTT.

Winter Quarters,
October 20th, 1911.

Dear Sirs,
I am glad to inform you that the Candles you supplied to this expedition have proved quite satisfactory. They have been extensively used in the hut and by sledge parties. You will be interested to learn that they burn satisfactorily at 70 Fahrenheit below zero.

Yours faithfully,
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GRAND PRIZE PARASTRINE CANDLES
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THE COTTESMORE.

The Cottesmore had really the best run of the week. Stoke End Wood is always a haunt of foxes, and Norman gave the woods a thorough rattling. Several cubs moved off, either to Wardley or across the valley, but hounds were kept in the covert. Then they trotted off to Glaston, and a strong cub out of a big litter went away at once, with hounds in close attendance. The pack were soon clear of their followers, only a few of whom faced the blind and ragged fences. The pack were always working well, and, as a matter of fact, everyone has a good word to say for the Cottesmore Hounds and their young huntsman, and I expect quite a noteworthy season. As I write, the rain is falling, and one may hope that scent will improve. The Quorn and the Atherstone have not had the best of scent, and more rain is much wanted. In that most important centre, Cottesbrooke, the Pytchley have found plenty of foxes, and Loatland and Waterloo, in the Friday country, have done well. Sir Charles Lowther has been acting as Deputy-Master, but it is hoped that Lord Annaly, whose strong personality makes him a great power both with his field and the farmers, will be able to be with his hounds often during the coming season. That wonderful covert of Mr. Fernie's, Glenn Gorse, close by the side of a main road, along which motors flash and traction-engines rumble at frequent intervals during the day, was found by Mr. Fernie's Hounds to have a strong litter of cubs. It is quite a small place, but so thick that foxes can hang to it if they will, and it took a long time for Thatcher to drive out a cub and pick him up, quite tired out, at Stackley.

THE NORTH NORTHUMBERLAND HUNT.

During Mr. John Clay's absence in America this pack have been under the management of the Deputy-Masters, Lord Francis Osborne and Mr. F. Lambton, but I hear that Mr. Clay will return early in January and take up the control of the pack. The thirty-eight couples are the private property of the Master, whose business interests are in Chicago, but who is an Englishman with a great love for the national sport. For the last twenty-five years, as opportunity offers, he has returned to Scotland each winter for a longer or shorter time. Mr. Clay has been Master of the North Northumberland, which was formerly a part of the late Sir John Miller's (of Manderston) country for three seasons. Foxes have steadily increased and sport improved since he took up the Mastership.

THE ESSEX AND SUFFOLK: A FINANCIAL EXPERIMENT.

Like many other Hunts, the Essex and Suffolk has often a deficit at the end of the year. This has been met partly out of the pockets of the Masters, and partly by a guarantee signed by leading members of the Hunt. The Essex and Suffolk now propose that all who hunt regularly shall share the burden. All who hunt with the pack not being tenant farmers will be asked to sign the guarantee, and the deficit will be divided among all the members, and not, as heretofore, left to fall upon the purses of a few members. I am very much struck with the soundness of the scheme. All who hunt will have their share of responsibility, and will be personally interested in keeping down the Damage Fund. X.

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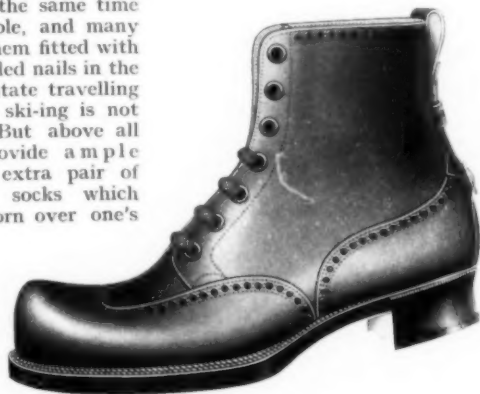
AMONG the fashion catalogues which the approach of winter calls forth, few will have more interest for the motoring woman than the illustrated list of cold-weather models in bonnets and hoods just issued by Dunhill's, the well known specialists in motoring equipment, of 2, Conduit Street, W. The days when to motor was to be hideous have, of course, disappeared long since, but it is really astonishing to see how practicality and becomingness are allied in the newest headgear. For immediate wear, for example, there is a charming shape of "Tilleul" felt, the flexible brim lined with blue silk plush, while flat Mercury wings on the crown and the voluminous chiffon veil are in the same becoming shade. A lovely French model has a crown of figured velvet allied to a flexible under-brim of dull red maroquin, which can be turned down to shade the eyes, while the Navy veil tones with the groundwork of the velvet. Plush forms a cosy and becoming medium for a little capote in mauve, the plain crown bordered with a band of rich figured taffetas; and another design in the same material is a flexible hat suitable for either motoring or ordinary wear, carried out in mole grey, trimmed with a band of soft blue American cloth, which also binds the brim. In rich Nattier blue corded silk is expressed a close-fitting model effectively arranged in pleats over and round a black American cloth crown, the whole being belted in and finished with a band of the same material. Moleskin is utilised delightfully in many of the fur models, notably a quaint bonnet with an upstanding brim filled in with a soft ruching of crêpe de Chine, and an attached collar of the fur, which will add greatly to its value for winter wear. Another new Dutch bonnet, with or without a collar, lined with quilted silk and finished with a chou and wide strings of ribbon, is carried out in Nutria beaver, squirrel, or velvet with a fur front which can be drawn closely round the face. A model of particularly graceful lines, rather resembling a cap than a bonnet, with a full crown and upturned brim, is carried out in moleskin or dyed musquash. The head fit is adjusted by means of an elastic insertion, and a tight chin-strap fastening with a knot of brocaded ribbon at the left side makes for security and smartness. And these are only a few of many becoming models which space forbids our mentioning.

THE VINTAGE OF 1913.

The following reports from their correspondents in the various wine districts have been sent in by Messrs. Hedges and Butler, Limited, 155, Regent Street, W. With regard to port, conditions have been favourable on the whole, so that, although the quantity will be smaller than usual, a very useful vintage is expected. Indifferent weather has hindered the champagne vintage, and the quantity will be very small, but it is hoped that the quality will prove fair. The yield of sherry will be small owing to drought, but the vintage has been made under satisfactory conditions, so that the quality of the wine will probably be fine. In the Burgundy vineyards cold and rain hindered ripening, and the results will yield, it is feared, only about a quarter of an average year. Claret will be short, but a fine September helped the vines greatly, and it is expected that the wine will be really good, while excellent reports come from the white wine district. In the German wine-growing country a cold, wet spring did a good deal of harm, and the output for 1913 will be very small, though in some districts the quality will be useful. Madeira promises an average vintage as regards both quantity and quality. A fine September proved very favourable to the vines in the Cognac district. The quantity is equal to last year's, while the quality should prove very good.

SKI-BOOTS.

Although everyone who goes in for winter sports in Switzerland or elsewhere recognises that ski boots are an indispensable part of their equipment, it is easy, unless one has learnt by experience, to overlook the essential points when buying them. They must, of course, be absolutely water-tight, but at the same time soft and pliable, and many people have them fitted with a few flat-headed nails in the soles, to facilitate travelling over ice when ski-ing is not practicable. But above all they must provide ample room for the extra pair of goat-hair socks which have to be worn over one's stockings—with a pair of silk socks underneath for preference. The Lotus Ski Boot fulfils all these requirements.



THE LOTUS SKI BOOT.

admirably, special attention being paid to roominess. They can be had immediately on ordering, either from the Lotus Shoe Makers, Limited, Stafford, or from agents all over the country. All that is necessary is to quote the ordinary walking boot size, and the ski boot will be found a perfect fit.

PETROL GAS FOR YACHTS.

The remarkable adaptability of petrol gas for lighting, heating and cooking in a restricted space has just been demonstrated very practically in Mr. R. Manners' yacht *Star* (150 tons). The *Star*, a recent purchase, is being fitted for a winter cruise, and the owner, deciding that petrol gas would meet his requirements better than anything else, placed an order for a special machine to be made for the purpose. This has been done by swinging it on gimbals, the attachment to the gas supply pipe being by flexible metallic tubing. The whole of the cabins, kitchen, saloon, etc., are now brilliantly lighted, a large gas cooking stove has been fitted in the galley, a hot-water cylinder in the bathroom, a gas fire in the saloon and a boiling-ring in one of the cabins. The machine is weight-driven, the weights being fitted in slides in the fore-castle. The order was placed on Monday, October 6th, and it speaks volumes of praise for Messrs. Spenser's, Limited, of 53, South Molton Street, W., who undertook the contract, that it was entirely completed within a week.

MESSRS. BRADLEYS, LIMITED.

The first annual report of Messrs. Bradleys, Limited (Chepstow Place, W.), shows a very satisfactory position, the total volume of trade done, and also the net profit earned, being the largest for any twelve months since the business has been in existence. The total net profit amounted to £84,153 1s. 3d. Allowing for portion of profits payable to vendors, income-tax, etc., and carrying £20,000 to general reserve, there is a balance available for distribution of £35,886 15s. 10d. After paying the dividend on the cumulative preference shares and 10 per cent. on the ordinary shares, there is a balance carried forward of £4,042 13s. 10d.